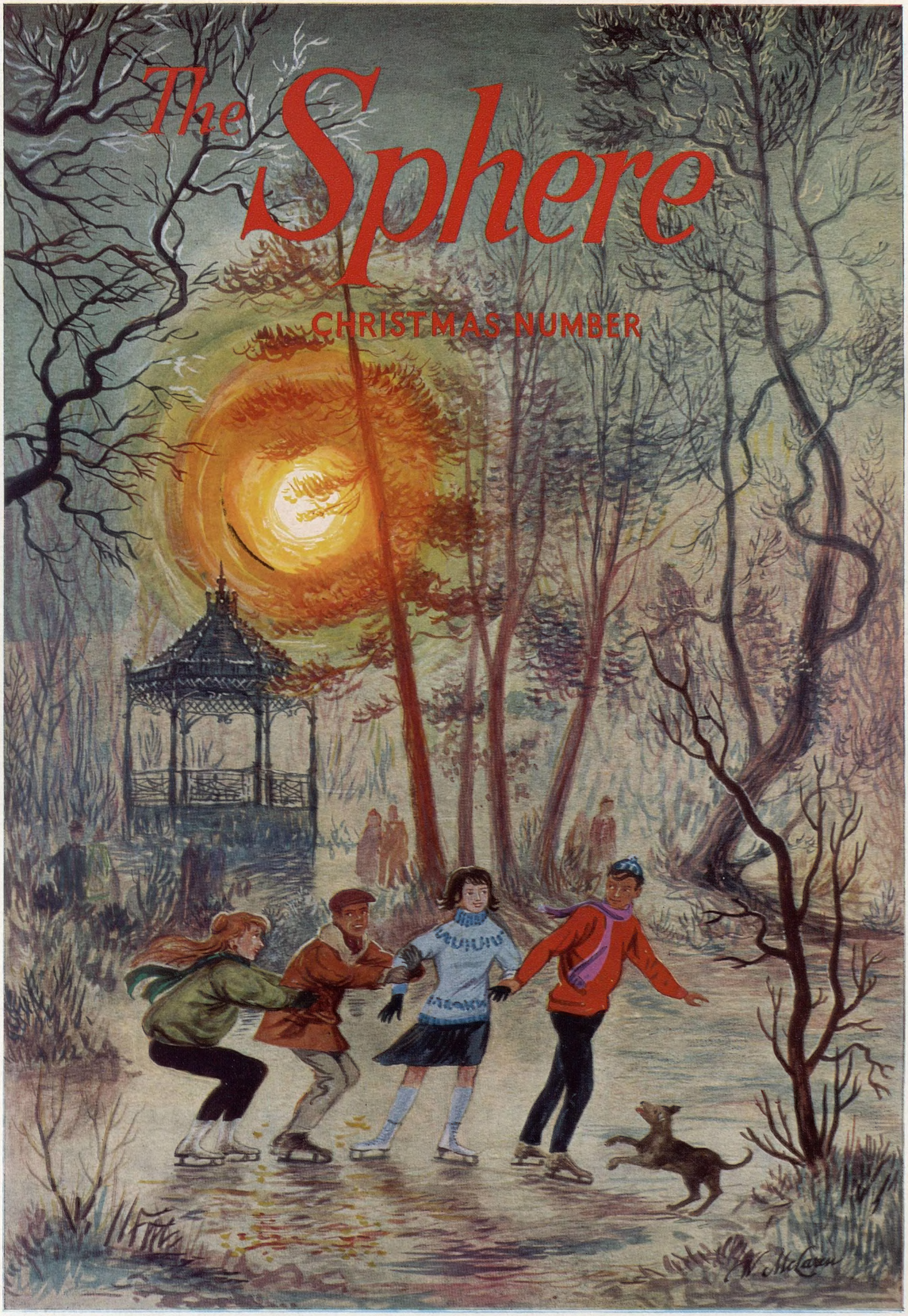
VOL. CCLI, No. 3257a

THE SPHERE, 1962
With which are incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" and "GRAPHIC"

The Sphere

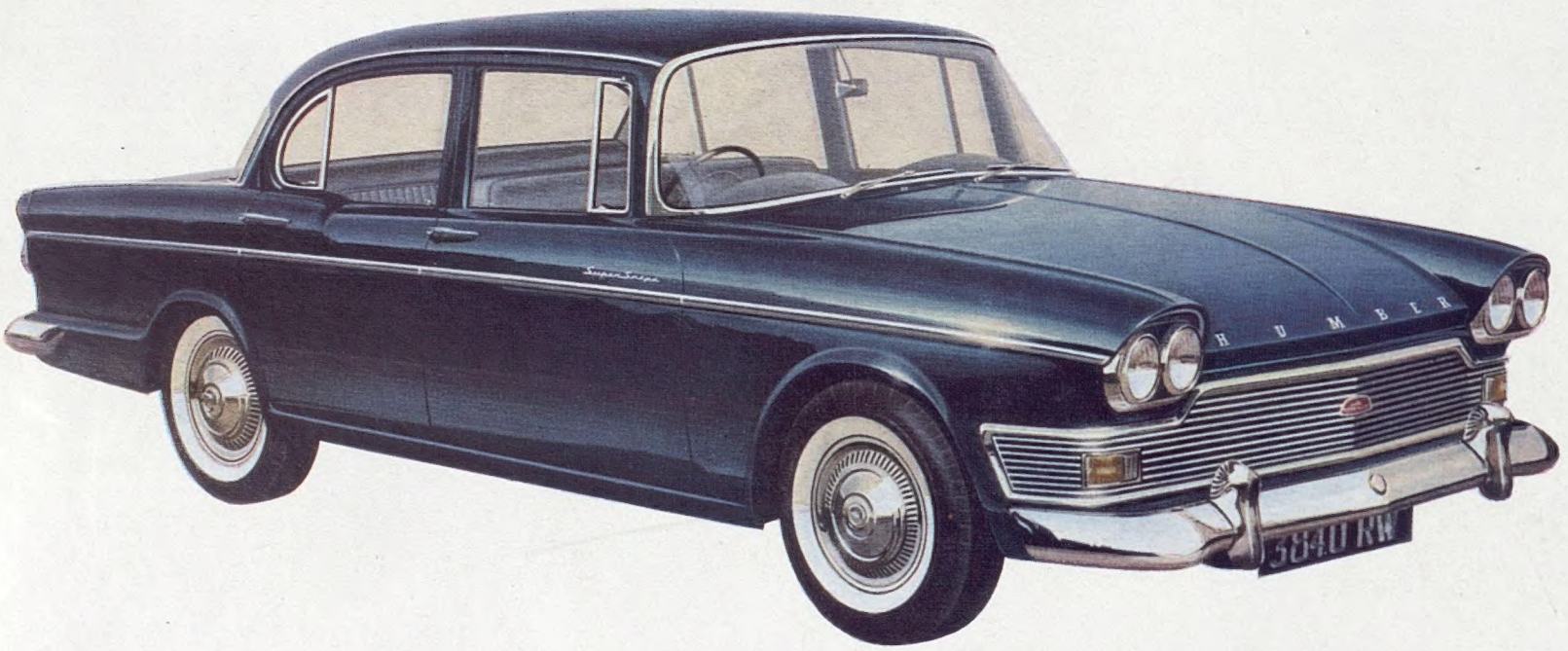
CHRISTMAS NUMBER



Publishing Office · 13-15 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2

FIVE SHILLINGS

Perfection few other cars can claim



THE HUMBER SUPER SNIPE

A policy of continuous, logical development has brought the Humber Super Snipe to its present eminence. This latest Super Snipe enhances even the Humber reputation for quality. Finely engineered . . . superbly built . . . it is unrivalled by any other car approaching its price.

SEE WHAT THE SUPER SNIPE GIVES YOU:

* Smooth, silent power (the 6-cylinder, 3-litre engine develops 132·5 b.h.p.)
* Improved suspension. * New diaphragm clutch for improved gear change.
* Generous luggage room—carpeted boot. * Richly upholstered seating adds extra comfort. * Walnut fold-away tables. * Reading lights and spacious door pockets. * Refined rear-end styling and windscreen moulding complete the contemporary elegance and dignity of this magnificent car.
* Overdrive or fully-automatic transmission, power-assisted steering and individual front seats available as extras.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN MOTOR VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS ROOTES MOTORS LIMITED

ROOTES MOTORS LIMITED

HUMBER LTD · DIVISION OF ROOTES MOTORS LTD · LONDON SHOWROOMS AND EXPORT DIVISION: ROOTES LTD · DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · PICCADILLY · LONDON W·1

Christmas Contents

1962

	Page
COVER DESIGN: By William McLaren	
FRONTISPIECE: The Road to Bethlehem, painted by Pauline Baynes	11
TRAVELLING CIRCUSES: Watercolours by Geoffrey S. Fletcher	12-13
THE ESCAPING SMUGGLERS: From the oil painting by Montague Dawson	14-15
VICTORIAN INTERIOR: Taste and Fashion in the 1870's photographed in colour by A. F. Kersting	16-17
THE LAST EVENING: Painted by J. J. J. Tissot	18
MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS: By Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald	19-20
CHRISTMAS IN THE SUN: Written and illustrated by J. S. Goodall	21-23
300 YEARS OF PUNCH AND JUDY	24-25
DICKENS AND THE STAGE: By Malcolm Morley	26-27
"THAT BRIEF AND ROSEATE HOUR": Recalling early productions of Peter Pan	28
FRENCH ARTHURIAN ROMANCES: A remarkable series of early 15th century miniatures	29-32
MOLL FLANDERS' CHRISTMAS: Illustrated by William McLaren	33
SURREY UNDER SNOW: Photographs by A. F. Kersting	34
SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS ON CHRISTMAS DAY: A new short story by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones with illustrations by Geoffrey Whittam	35-38
STREET SCENE IN CASERTA: Photograph by Frank Monaco	39
VICTORIAN COMIC VERSE: By Jolyon Wimhurst with illustrations by Terence Freeman	40-41
COMPLEXIONS FROM BOXES: By Primrose Rostron	42
SARAH'S STAIRCASE: Inside Marlborough House	43
DREAMS TO LET: Paintings by Lucien Lowen	44-45
SERVING THROUGH THE AGES: Painted by Pauline Baynes	46-47
FRUIT FOR CHRISTMAS and CHRISTMAS VEGETABLES: Paintings by Victor Coverley-Price	48 & 50
THE WILDFOWLERS: Written and photographed by Alasdair Alpin MacGregor	53-54 & 58

© 1962 Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. *All Rights Reserved.*

When it's Sherry

Domecq's
DOUBLE CENTURY
Specially selected to celebrate their second century, Domecq's 'Double Century' is a rich golden wine with an intriguing flavour all its own.

make sure it's the

Domecq's
CELEBRATION CREAM
'Celebration Cream' is a full-bodied Sherry with a particularly soft and mellowed flavour.

finest of Sherries

Domecq's
FINO LA INA
'La Ina' is an exquisite wine for the really discriminating palate. Despite its dryness it is so mellow that it carries no trace of harshness.

Domecq's

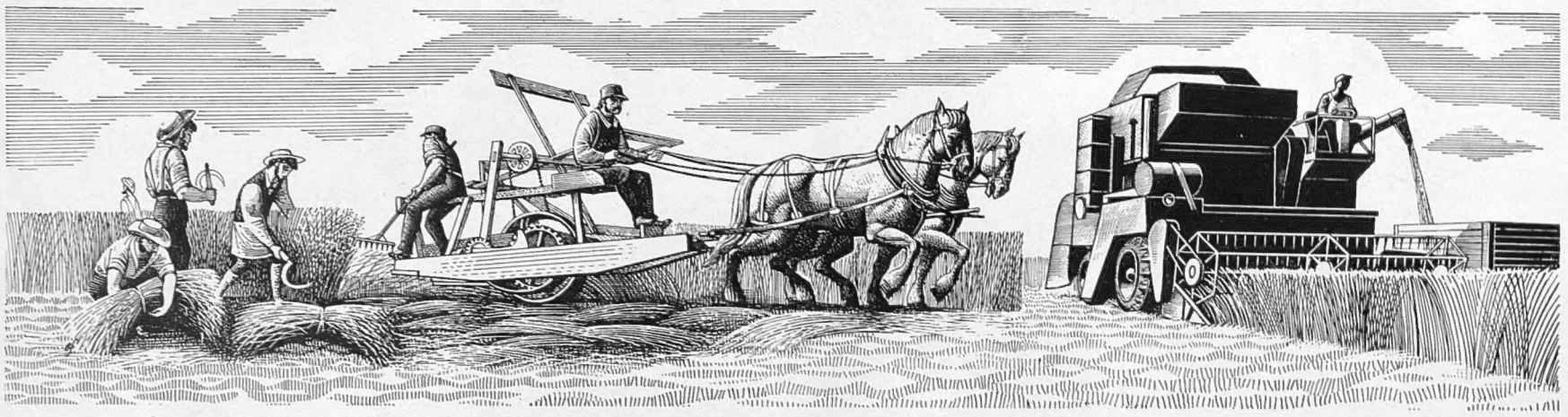
By Appointment to Her Majesty The Queen. Suppliers of Domecq Sherry, Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd.

Whatever your taste, whether your palate prefers a very delicate dry wine or a sweeter and fuller one you can be sure that no finer wine comes from Jerez than that bearing the name of Pedro Domecq. For over two and a half centuries Domecq's Sherries have been acknowledged as among the finest in the world. Out of Domecq's range here are three quite outstanding in their respective classes.

Obtainable through your usual channels of supply.
Sole Importers (Wholesale only) Luis Gordon & Sons Ltd., 12 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE Co LTD

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS From reaping and threshing by hand to horse-drawn reaper and finally the modern combine harvester—London & Lancashire's first century has seen progress, not only in agriculture, but in almost every activity, including insurance.



London & Lancashire Insurance Company Limited is keeping pace with the rapid developments of today. Its organisation offers a comprehensive service to suit all modern needs.

1862 *Chief Administration:*

CENTENARY **London & Lancashire Insurance Company Ltd**

1962 *7 Chancery Lane, London, WC2*

Haig in every Home

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year!

HAIG
'GOLD LABEL'
Bottles
Half Flasks
Quarter Flasks
Miniatures

Don't be vague–Ask for Haig

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE
AT YOUR 'LOCAL,' AT OFF-LICENCES AND ALL WINE & SPIRIT STORES

The new Velox has ample room for six big people

A new Vauxhall
(and friendly service everywhere)
for visitors to Britain

When you come to Britain a brand new Vauxhall can be waiting for you — in London or wherever else you arrive. Drive it during your stay, and Vauxhall will help to ship it back for you when you leave.

The Vauxhall Overseas Delivery Centre is the only car showroom in Britain run specially for overseas visitors. Everything is done for you here, from arranging all documents and purchase tax exemption to helping you find your way out of London.

Choose any model from the Vauxhall range. There are saloons and estate cars, with left or right hand drive, in single or two-tone colours. The superb Victor (4 cylinder) models, which are setting new standards in comfort and appearance, have a choice of 3- or 4-speed all-synchromesh gearbox. The brand new 6-cylinder Velox and Cresta have, as a regular option, Hydra-matic*, the world's finest automatic transmission system. And the new 4-cylinder VX4/90 offers vivid motoring with the velvet touch.

Your new Vauxhall will be taxed and insured when you collect it; complete with all accessories ordered, checked, tested and ready for the road.

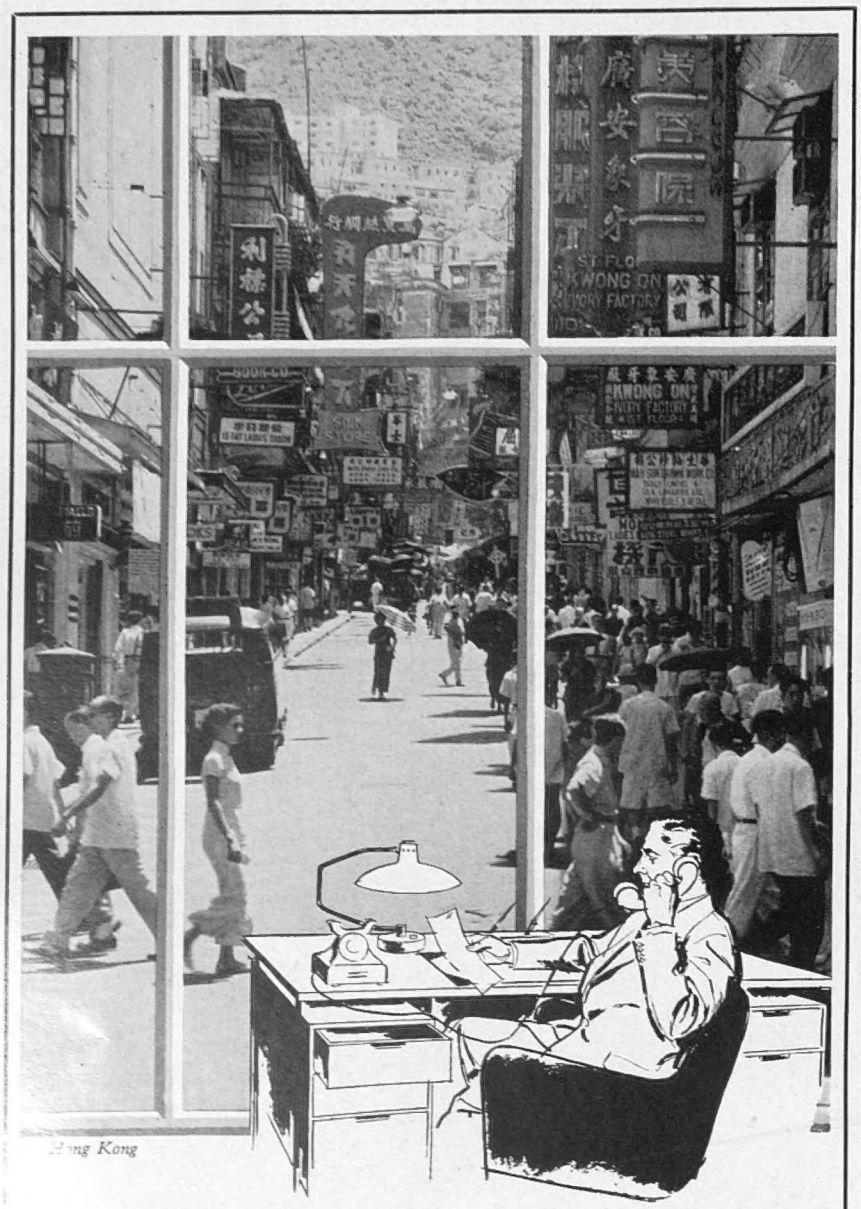
Whether you take your Vauxhall around Britain or around the world, the Vauxhall and General Motors dealer network will provide quick low-cost service.

Ask your local Vauxhall dealer about this thoughtful service or write directly to

VAUXHALL OVERSEAS DELIVERY CENTRE

112-114 Wardour Street, London, W.1. GERrard 4343

* *Hydra-matic is a registered trade mark*



A window opening on the World

This is the Hongkong Bank Group, operating as it does through the East and Middle East, with offices in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Paris and Hamburg.

This integrated Group of Banks can provide complete banking facilities through its own branches and through agency arrangements with a network of correspondent banks.

THE HONGKONG BANK GROUP

Group total assets exceed £478 million

THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION
Head Office: HONG KONG
London Office: 9 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON EC3

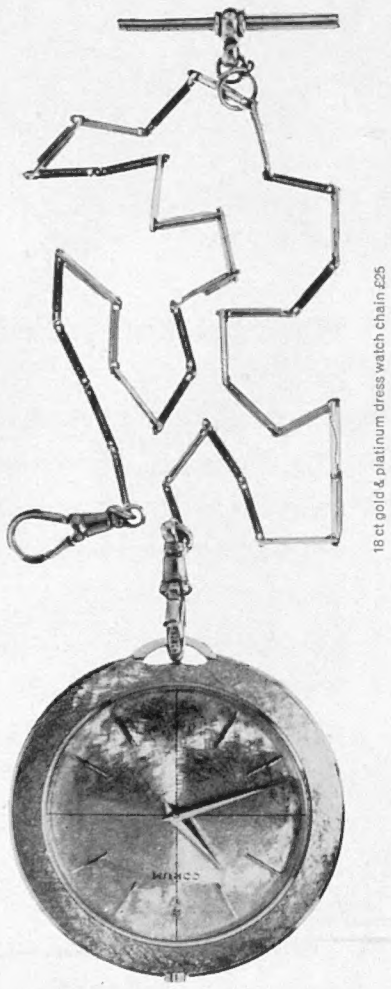
MERCANTILE BANK LIMITED
Head Office: 15 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON EC3
West End Branch: 123 PALL MALL, LONDON SW1

THE BRITISH BANK OF THE MIDDLE EAST
Head Office: 7 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON EC4

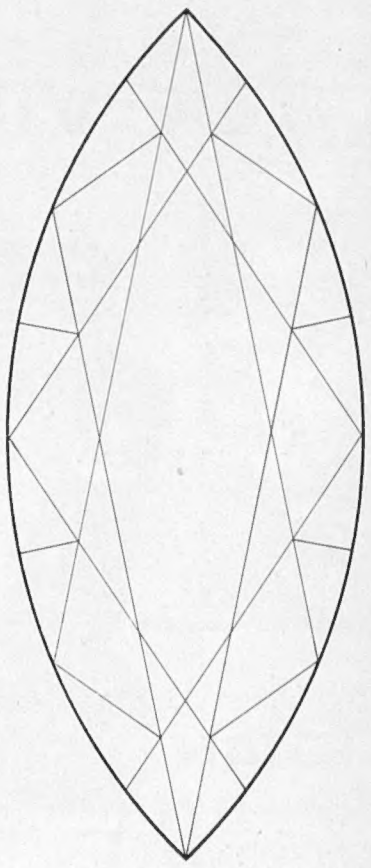
By Appointment to H M The Queen Silversmiths & Jewellers

By Appointment to H M Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother Jewellers & Silversmiths

Carrington & Co Limited of 130 Regent Street London W1 established in 1780 and now transacting their business of Jewellers, Silversmiths & Watchmakers at both Regent Street Telephone Regent 3727 and their branch in the City at 27 Throgmorton Street London EC2

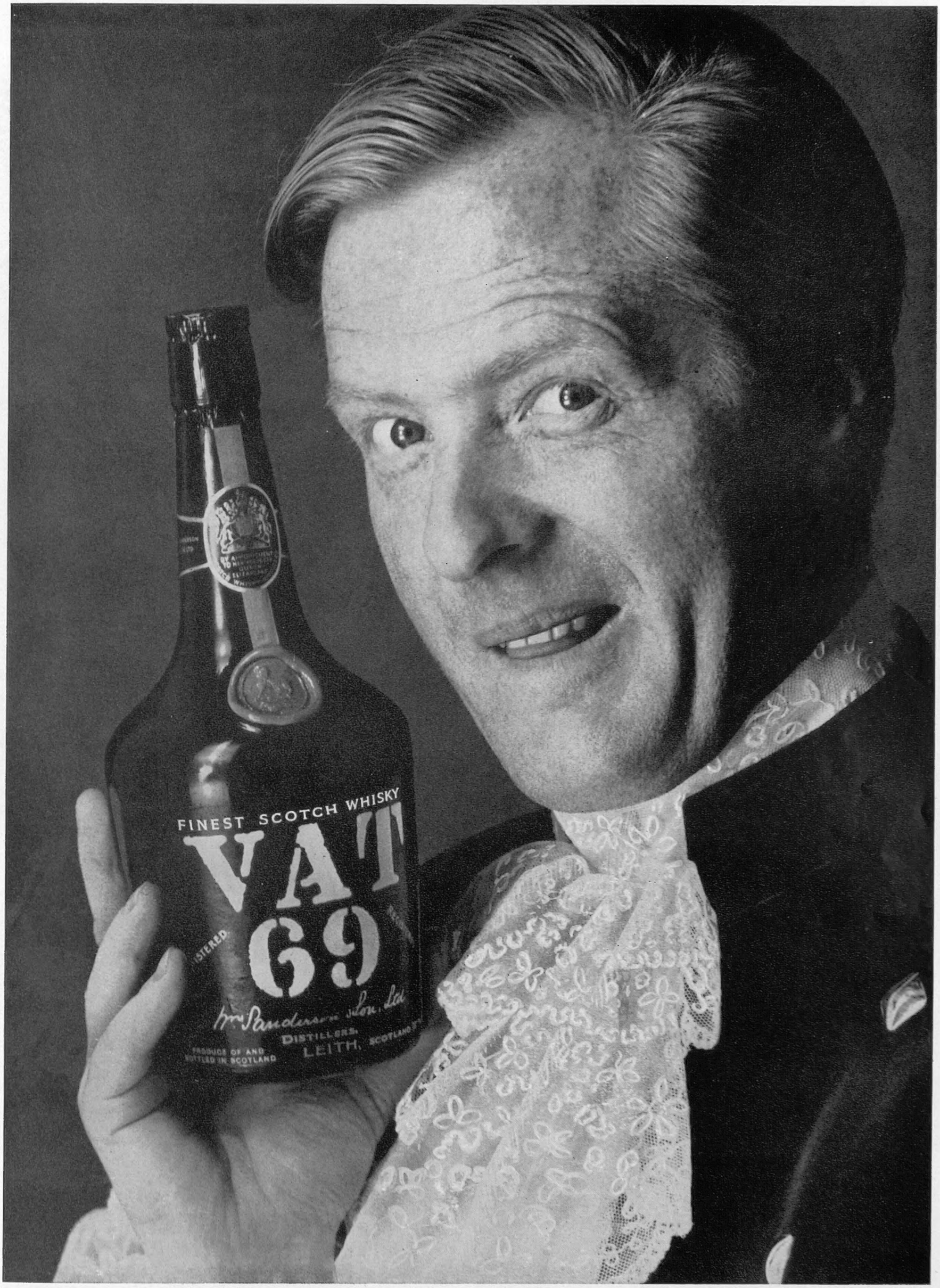


18 ct gold & platinum dress watch chain £25



18 ct gold ultra slender 'Corum' dress watch finely etched case and gold dial £100

perfection in every facet of design & craftsmanship



Double your enjoyment this Christmas with Vat 69

GO AHEAD YOUNG MISS

with SUPER NATIONAL

There's nothing like it!

Everything is go-ahead about Super National. The people who buy it. The people on the National stations who serve it. Even the stations have a go-ahead look about them! And behind all the go-ahead qualities of Super National itself—faster warm-up, zip-away starting, really eager acceleration — stand Britain's most go-ahead petroleum research laboratories. The aim is simple. To make sure that Super National *is* go-ahead. And *keeps* ahead.

National

A40/5

MANLY . . .

HARRIS TWEED leads a man's life. It looks it. Strong, robust, exceptionally hard-wearing. A traditionally superb tweed without so much as a single strand of synthetic fibre. The Orb Mark is your safeguard that the tweed has been *independently* inspected to ensure that it complies with the regulations approved by the Board of Trade, and that it is *wholly produced in the Islands of the Outer Hebrides.*

So, always look for the Orb Mark before you buy —

HARRIS TWEED

HAND WOVEN
Harris Tweed
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK Nº 319214
APPLIED IN ACCORDANCE WITH REGULATIONS APPROVED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE
HARRIS TWEED
COMPLETELY PRODUCED IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES FROM PURE SCOTTISH WOOL

Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd., Academy Street, Inverness, Scotland

One of the Good Things of Life!

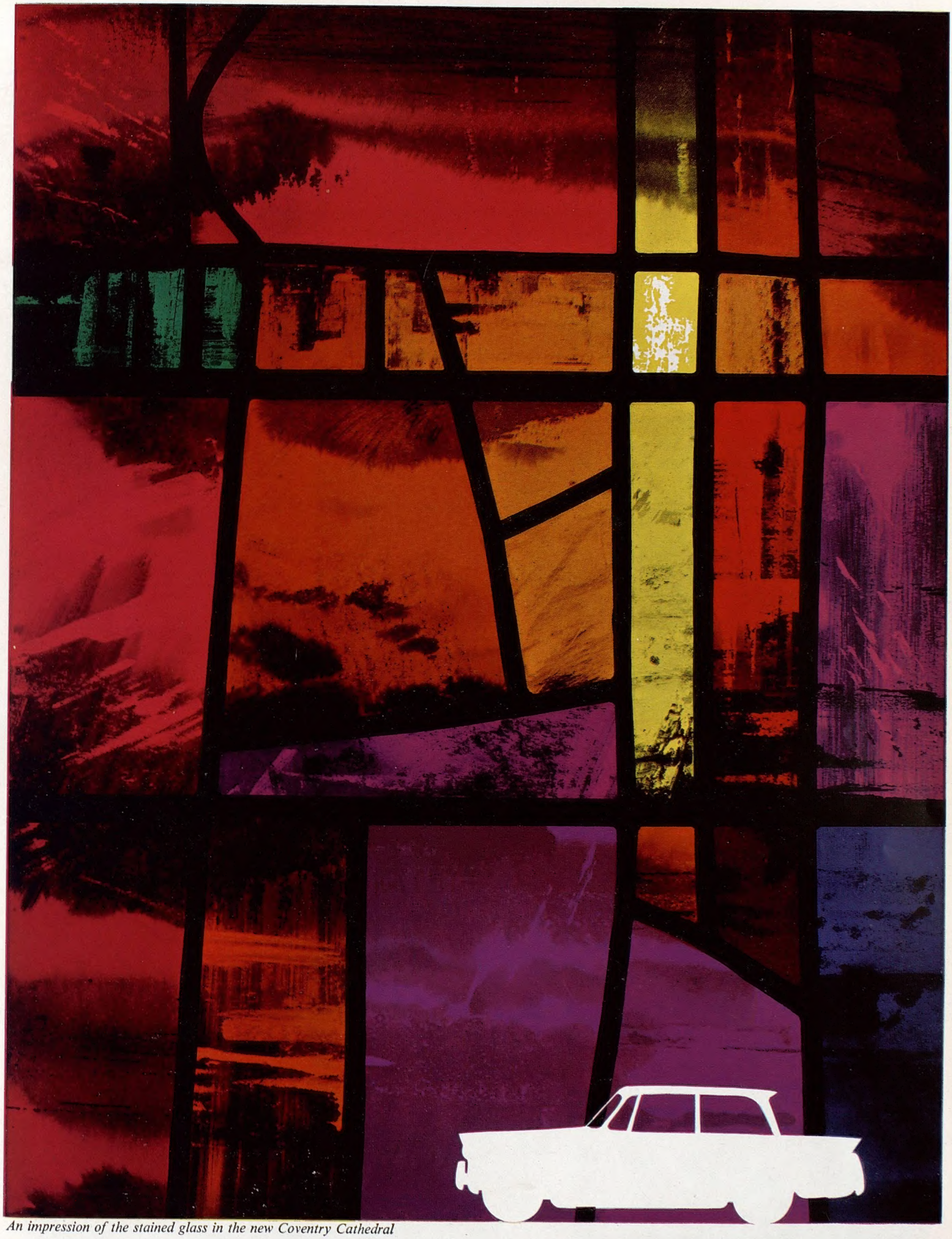
Crawford's

SCOTCH WHISKY

THE WHISKY OF GOOD TASTE

AND 'FIVE STAR'

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS



An impression of the stained glass in the new Coventry Cathedral

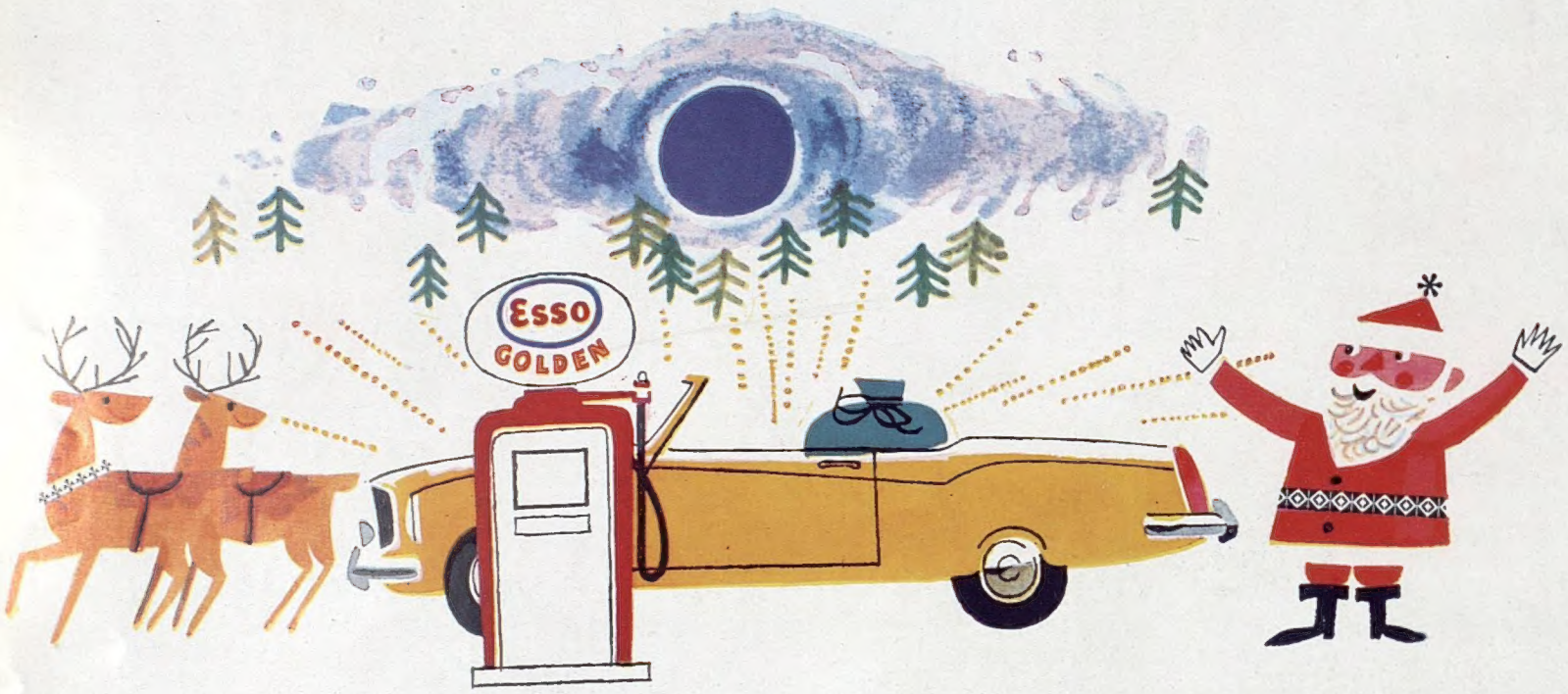
From Coventry, Standard-Triumph send you the greetings of the Leyland Motors Group

STANDARD TRIUMPH

A member of the Leyland Motors Group

STANDARD-TRIUMPH, COVENTRY · LONDON SHOWROOM: BERKELEY SQUARE, W.I

'When you use ESSO GOLDEN



you feel you're driving a better car

—and you are.'

FINEST PETROL YOU CAN BUY!

The Sphere

The Road to Bethlehem

From the painting by PAULINE BAYNES

Early morning preparations for the day round the Big Top and the caravans among the trees.

TRAVELLING CIRCUSES

Watercolours by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

Clowns in the comic car act, an established favourite for the past fifty years.

Travelling circuses are a direct descendant of the Roman entertainments which were doubtless turned loose to wander across Europe after the collapse of the Roman Empire. Features of all circuses are the Liberty Horses and the clowns. The latter derive from the masked comic actors who were employed to give a little light relief between turns of a more stirring nature.

Clowns are invariably misnamed by the public. Clowns proper have white faces and descend to us from the Italian Commedia dell'Arte. Those with coloured faces (as in Geoffrey Fletcher's paintings) are called "augustes." Every clown and every auguste has his own make up. This is worked out on an egg and becomes, as it were, a patent.

Days before the circus arrives in a town, its advent is announced by brightly coloured posters. These, themselves, are highly traditional, and one of the last currently used forms of Victorian popular art.

In a travelling circus, life is hard and everyone is expected to play a part in the assembly of the Big Top and getting the circus off the ground at the end of its stay. Performers show a remarkable ability to take on several acts. For example, the girl on the trapeze may be the girl in the pay-box and later in the performance one of the bare-back riders.

During the winter the travelling circuses are resting. Some performers take temporary jobs in pantomime or musical comedy. Others go abroad, joining the big French circuses for a short season.

The circus poster, which is a survival of a form of Victorian popular art, and a clown and canvas horse.

A balancing and bare-back riding act on Liberty Horses.

THE ESCAPING SMUGGLERS

From the oil painting by Montague Dawson

The date is August 17, 1784. There is a strong north-east wind blowing in Christchurch Bay, Hampshire, as two smuggling vessels, a large cutter of 32 guns (foreground) and a lugger of 12 guns (right), prevented by the weather conditions from landing and intercepted by the H.M. cutter *Expedition*, are chased out into the Channel by the *Expedition*

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost & Reed Ltd.

and the British warship H.M.S. *Hebe*. The *Expedition* had been stationed off the Isle of Wight to watch for smugglers. She sighted the two vessels in the early morning, seven miles or so from the Christchurch beaches. Her captain realised that his small vessel was no match for the smugglers' heavily armed craft and left to pass on the information to the *Hebe* at Spithead. The *Hebe* and *Expedition* then returned to find that the smugglers, owing to the wind, had been unable to land and a running chase ensued to the westwards until half past eight in the evening. The *Expedition* lost her topmast and was left behind but the *Hebe* badly damaged the smugglers' cutter and lugger and the smugglers signalled their surrender. The *Hebe* hove to to hoist out her boats, but, as she did so, the smugglers slipped away in the darkness. According to press accounts of the time, the cutter was carrying 75 tons of tea and a great quantity of brandy. (Taken from *The Smugglers of Christchurch, Bournemouth, and The New Forest*, by E. Russell Oakley.)

The stained glass window in the drawing-room at No. 18 Stafford Terrace was designed by Linley Sambourne, the original owner of the house in London. *Left:* A corner of the morning-room.

VICTORIAN INTERIOR

Taste and Fashion in the 1870's

Photographs by A. F. Kersting

In the dining-room Linley Sambourne painted the panels of the sideboard inlaid with Minton tiles. The wallpaper, "Fruit or Pomegranate," by William Morris was new in 1874, the year the house was decorated. The porcelain, bronzes and firescreen were typical of the period.

The best drawing-room style of the latter part of the nineteenth century—pieces of furniture with marquetry, inlay and metal mounts, gilt mirrors, marble fireplaces, massive bronzes and lincrusta ceiling. The room was once described as "a dream of luxury and refinement."

Early this year the *Sphere* published black and white photographs of the unique collection of Victorian furnishings and fittings surviving for nearly 100 years at 18 Stafford Terrace in London. Now further photographs are reproduced in colour. The original owners of the house were Mr. and Mrs. Linley Sambourne. It next passed to their daughter, Mrs. Leonard Messel, who was in turn succeeded in the ownership by her daughter, Lady Rosse.

The Sambournes married in 1874 and proceeded to decorate their Kensington house in the best artistic taste of the day. Linley Sambourne was himself an artist. A prolific contributor to *Punch* he also drew the cover for the first issues of the *Sphere* when it was started in 1900. At No. 18 Stafford Terrace he indulged his artistic taste to the full, designing stained glass windows and painting panels for some of the furniture. He revealed his talents, too, in the numerous paintings, and drawings hanging on the walls.

Some of the William Morris wallpaper was new the year the Sambourne's started their decorating and the house was furnished at the time of the Aesthetic movement which had an important effect on fashion and taste in an elegant and leisurely age.

ELIZABETH ASLIN

The overmantel in the morning-room provided a setting for a varied collection of treasured objects. Some of the furniture was eighteenth century. Chairs of that period were again becoming fashionable in the 1870's and 1880's.

From a painting in the permanent collection of the Corporation of the City of London

THE LAST EVENING

BY J. J. J. TISSOT

The ship is to sail next day on a long voyage. On the last evening in port the owner has come aboard for a final discussion with the captain. The young ladies are presumably his daughters who have accompanied him on the visit. The younger one seems to be eavesdropping on her father and the captain. The elder daughter lies in the chair as the young officer gazes on her for the last time for several months. Tissot painted the canvas in 1873. He had a thorough knowledge of ships, having been brought up in Nantes.

"Pont y Pair Over the River Conway Above Llanrwst"—a coloured aquatint by Paul Sandby, published in 1776

Reproduced by permission of the Parker Gallery

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS

By Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald

I have been giving the matter careful thought and, do you know, the only Christmas I can definitely remember is the one that wasn't, since I was in bed with measles. I would not care to be definite about the date even of that one.

Of course, I have memories of Christmas: we all have. I suppose that my earliest memory, not of any particular Christmas, but just of Christmas, is of darkness and cold. I am a very small boy and I am leaning on my bedroom window-sill, looking out into the still, cold darkness and watching little twinkling lights moving down the mountainside. The lights were of lanterns carried by men and women on their way to *pylgen*. This was a service, I suppose a survival of the midnight mass, which was held in the parish church, and also in the chapels I think, at 5 a.m. Whenever I think of Christmas now at the wrong time of year—say, in September; you are practically bound to do so then, "so many shopping days to Christmas": or in May, when the "Join Our Christmas Club" notices appear in the shops—it is not of last Christmas, of any adult Christmas, but of little twinkling lights in the darkness, bobbing and weaving, down, down, down into the valley.

I have much clearer memories of Dydd Calan, New Year's Day. This, not Christmas, was our big day. Particularly I remember it, because this was the day of *calennig*, the children's pennies. You went round the cottages, to every house, wishing all and sundry Blwyddyn Newydd dda, "A Happy New Year," and in return you received a penny. Only I was not allowed to do this; which is why I remember it so well. My mother thought it would not be proper. Of course, she never said that. She said I did not need the pennies: which was far from the truth. I needed them all right. So I used to have a clandestine *calennig* tour of my own. Now, more than fifty years later, I can remember every cottage in that village and who lived in it—or, anyway, I like to think I can.

But Christmas was not like that. Christmas Day, the Welsh Christmas everywhere, in fact, was then a quiet day. Nothing happened. Not that my childhood Christmas was ever dull: far from it. It began with all the excitement of Christmas Eve. It was then that we put up the decorations. You had to keep a very strict eye on the grown-ups to be sure that all the decorations were put in their proper places. Grown-ups are apt to be carried away by artistic and other incomprehensible promptings.

Then, I had to make my own preparations. Not for me the customary stocking: I hung a pillow-case at the foot of my bed. And I looked out at the folk on their way to *pylgen*, not because I had any interest in them or in *pylgen*, but because doing so delayed the opening of my pillow-case and so enhanced the anticipation, the excitement, of that supreme moment of the day. I must have been a very strange little boy.

(*Continued overleaf*)

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS

(*Continued from page 19*)

Christmas Day itself was really just a special sort of Sunday, except for opening the presents. You went to church, ate the traditional fare at midday, went for a walk in the afternoon, had tea and then a Bible reading, and in the evening played with your presents. Perhaps relatives would come. There were usually one or two maiden aunts in the house for Christmas; and sometimes my uncle David, a small, dark, rapscallion of a man (at least, that is what my mother used to call him) who told me wonderful stories of life in distant countries and gave me a sovereign when he left. But there was never anything in the nature of a Christmas party: no crackers, no paper hats.

A walk up Snowdon on a fine Christmas morning

Photograph by J. Allan Cash

Revelry was foreign to the Welsh Christmas of my youth. It was just a family gathering: a quiet, peaceful, very happy day.

One Christmas was very like another. Except, perhaps, when my uncle David came. Uncle David was a bit of a character and different from the rest of the family. He was a singer; and I suppose he must have been a pretty good one, for his voice took him all over the world. He wore a long black cloak with a scarlet lining (I remember that lining very well) and a flat black hat like a Roman Catholic priest's: all very theatrical and strikingly noticeable in a Welsh mountain village.

When he went to church, which he did only to please my mother, for there was always an argument about it first, the congregation would stop singing to hear him sing, so he had a good solo hour or so; and that used to please him immensely. I remember him, too, because he taught me to slide head-first down the banisters. Yes, Uncle David's Christmases must have been different.

That does remind me. Now, I do remember another, the one when the police came to see Uncle David. (But maybe that was not actually Christmas Day; I cannot remember.) Anyway, the police never came to our house, so that really was an occasion. There was not a policeman in the village. I must have been about eight at the time, and I remember looking down from the landing: the policeman very large and Uncle David seeming shorter than usual and my mother fluttering around. My father was not there, so it must have been in the early afternoon, because my father always had a sleep in the early afternoon and it would have taken more than a policeman to get him off the sofa.

But I cannot, unfortunately, remember (if I ever knew) what it was all about. I think it must have been quite serious to bring a policeman out to our village, and I expect I was very disappointed that Uncle David was not led away in handcuffs. But he was not: and I do not recall that he left any sooner than usual. I am sure he would have had a good reason for whatever it was. Uncle David was good at telling stories.

Remembering Uncle David has reminded me of another Christmas that was different. I was about twenty; and I spent it with gipsies, some of the Wood clan, near Bala. I have had to think hard; but now I remember why I did not spend it with the family. Her name was Data. She had a brother who was very good at poaching fish (and other things) which was really how I got to know her. She was tall and slim, very dark and very beautiful; and she told my fortune and I fell heavily.

It was only when I got to the camp that Christmas morning that I found she had a husband and a baby. Ah now, that was a day ! Well, really Christmas Day and night . . . and the night because I simply could not have walked the steep, unlit, miles over the Berwyns, home. Excellent food—no turkey, of course: but pheasants, provided (unwittingly) by the management, and a hare and rabbits. And an astonishing assortment of liquor. Have you ever tried small beer and rum, mixed fifty-fifty and drunk hot? You sing and sleep after that: you do not walk.

In the evening around a great fire, there was story-telling (in Welsh and Romanes) and singing; and one of the men played a fiddle. I and the girls and the young men danced. I slept that night on straw under a wagon. My head throbbed a bit on the walk home I remember; and I know that I had a chilly reception when I got there. I could put a date to that Christmas. The only one I have spent away from my family.

Just three Christmases to remember, three in a lifetime. It is a pretty poor tally. So poor, it has made me think about Christmases I would have liked to have spent. Not Christmases abroad or anything like that—I am not much of a one for foreign parts—but rather of people with whom I think a Christmas would have been enjoyable. For Christmas is made not by presents, not by food or drink, but by people; by the company in which you spend it.

Oddly enough, I can think of very few. Dr. Johnson: good conversation certainly, but I doubt if I could have stood his table manners, all that slopping about, for more than one meal. Mark Twain: but was he as witty in talk as on paper? Horace Walpole: you would have good food and good wine there, and never a dull moment. He had an observant eye and a sweetly catty tongue. You would have all the gossip, good gossip. And gossip to be good must be bad. That would be a memorable Christmas.

I should have enjoyed a Christmas with Horace Walpole. But would I have been happy? Thinking it over, I know that I should not. Christmas, it is true, is made by people: but only by people you know really well. I am glad that I have so few memorable Christmases. Happiness is an atmosphere to be absorbed: not an occasion to be remembered.

I hope that you have a Christmas with nothing to remember, a truly happy Christmas.

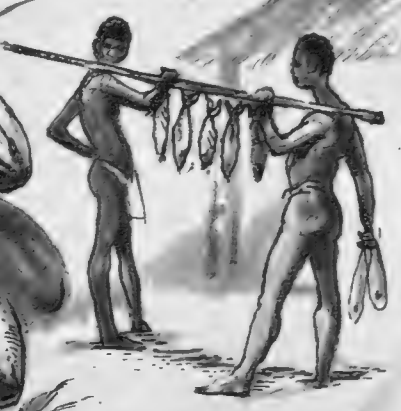
Christmas in the Sun

Written and illustrated by

J. S. Goodall

New Guinea headsmen

Fruit sellers—Raboul



Fish sellers—Manokwari

Here are some notes on my memories of a voyage in the South Seas last Christmas.

Two days out from Tahiti, the Pacific was mercifully smooth. If it hadn't been for someone playing Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" over and over again, it would have been difficult to remember it was Christmas at all. I lay on the deck all day, with the temperature at about 90 in the shade. In the lounge of the Dutch cargo ship, paper chains were hung up and blobs of wool stuck on the looking-glass behind the bar to represent snowflakes. In the dining-room there was a lighted Christmas tree.

I asked a Dutch priest on his way back to his mission in the Solomon Islands how he spent Christmas Day. Part of the ceremony was rather charming. His parishioners called and each received a small gift, a pencil, piece of chalk, or perhaps a little ointment. As it is considered bad manners to ask for anything you want in the presence of a third person, the business took a long time.

On Christmas morning we were asked to assemble in the lounge at 11, when the captain gave us all drinks and each passenger (twelve of us) got a small present. Many toasts were drunk. We had the traditional Christmas dinner of turkey, but as the Dutch do not care for turkey we had a lot of beef as well. Great trouble was taken with the Christmas pudding, which came in flaming very prettily, but only the passengers liked it.

The Dutch custom is to celebrate Christmas Eve. That evening we were each given a foot-long, sausage-shaped pastry roll, filled with almond paste, and a solid maple sugar heart as big as a dog biscuit.

(*See also following pages*)

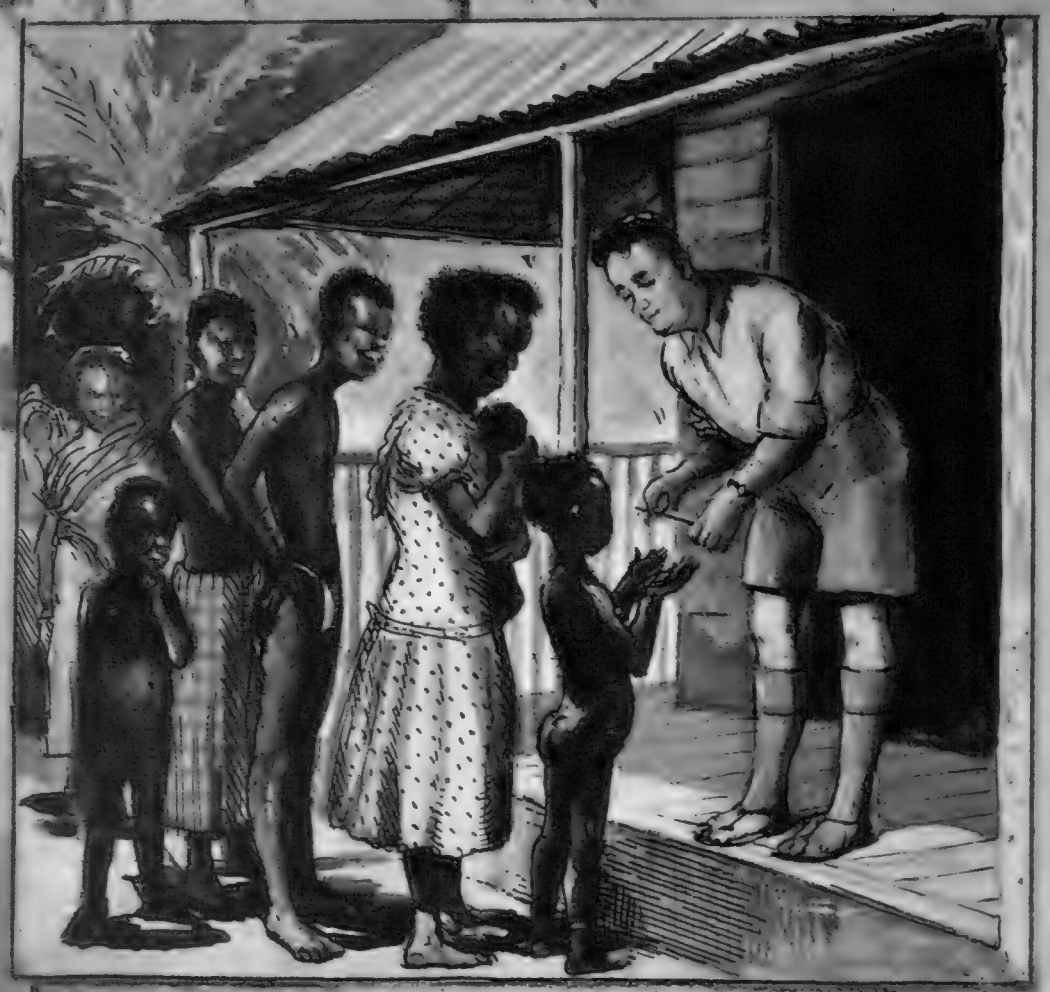
Hair style—Cristobal

Workmen—Port Moresby

Women of Noumea

Christmas in

(Continued fr



Christmas Day in the Solomons

At anchor in Madang harbour, New Guinea

the Sun

page 21)

Bringing in the Christmas pudding

Siesta after Christmas luncheon

300 YEARS OF PUNCH & JUDY

On May 9, 1662, Mr. Samuel Pepys recorded in his diary that he visited Covent Garden, "thence to see an Italian puppet play, that is within the rails there, which is very pretty, the best I ever saw." A fortnight later he took his wife to see it. These first performances of Punch and Judy in England took place, as the late Walter Starmer shows in his sketch reconstructing the scene, outside the Church of St. Paul in Covent Garden. In the autumn of 1662 the puppets performed before the King in Whitehall and the Lord Chamberlain sent an order for a gold chain and medal as a reward for the performer, "Signor Bologna *alias* Pollicinella."

Pollicinella, Polichinelli, Punchinnanella or Punchinello had originated in Italy at the start of the seventeenth century. He was a boastful country clown. The French next took him up and adapted him to be a dwarfish hunchback. Exiled English royalists became familiar with the puppet and brought him to England at the time of the Restoration.

The English soon shortened the name to Mr. Punch. At first he was a kind of compère for other puppets, his forceful personality causing much merriment. Soon he was having a larger part in the plays, taking unto himself a wife, Joan, and dancing a minuet with a pig. In the late eighteenth century he emerged with his own portable theatre with a complete play in which he had the top star billing. And he has remained in that position in the cast ever since.

The popularity of the Punch and Judy Show is undying. Today it remains a certain draw for children and their elders on the seashore and in the parks of London and elsewhere in summer and in winter it is an essential part of the Christmas entertainments.

A Punch and Judy Show in an English village in the year 1800. A painting by an unknown artist

From the Victoria and Albert Museum

An early nineteenth-century performance of Punch and Judy

By permission of the Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden

Walter Starmer's drawing reconstructing the first London performance

Young and old are

From the Victoria and Albert Museum

attracted to a street corner in London in 1900

From the W. G. Davis collection

From the W. G. Davis collection

A study in expressions of a youthful seaside audience

DICKENS AND THE STAGE

By Malcolm Morley

Charles Dickens loved the theatre. It gave him the greatest joy in life. He wanted so much to be an actor, a poor player, but the door was closed to him in his youth and he fell back upon being a successful author. To the world it was no falling back. In terms of the masterpieces of fiction, the articles and essays that were to come from his ever-active pen, it was an infinite gain. He became the greatest literary force of his day.

Yet Dickens pined for the stage. Everything about the stage was meat and drink to him. John Pritt Harley, the comedian; William Macready, the " eminent " tragedian, and Charles Fechter, the Anglo-French romantic actor, were among his intimate friends. How he enjoyed their company. No time was considered wasted when the talk was about the theatre. As balm for his aching ambition he went in for amateur acting on a big scale, enlisting his colleagues and fellow-authors, forming a company on business lines and touring the country as Glorious Strollers. Wilkie Collins had written a play, *The Frozen Deep*, which had been produced at the small theatre Dickens had constructed within the walls of Tavistock House, his London residence in Tavistock Square. He decided to take the entire production to the Free Trade Hall at Manchester in August 1857, replacing the amateur ladies by professional actresses. The decision was of unforeseen moment to Dickens, leading, as it did, to his great friendship with the Ternan family, three of its members being engaged for the Manchester showing.

Domestic life for the novelist had not been without its hurdles. As a husband he was extremely self-centred, demanding freedom from any kind of interruption. His writing had of necessity to come before all else: the publisher was ever waiting for instalments of his novels. Then came relaxation in his theatricals and these were certainly relaxation for him, no matter how hard he worked at them; organising, directing, stage-managing and acting. Poor Catherine, his wife, never shared the happiness they brought to him. She failed dismally to be an audience for his ego, though there is no denying her approved qualities as a Victorian wife.

By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum

Fanny Jarman at Covent Garden in *The Gamester* in the year 1827

Ellen Ternan—a photograph taken soon after she left the stage

Gladys, the infant prodigy child of Ellen Ternan, at Margate

The family and its well-being was always her concern. And she fussed. She got on his nerves. The fussing interfered with his train of thought at the time when stories were taking shape in his mind. Then, too, when he was away from his writing she had no understanding of his really fanatical interest in the stage. The oratorical outbursts in which he probably indulged would beget remonstrations on her part. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens were drifting apart, approaching the breaking-point of their marriage. At this period the Ternans came into his life.

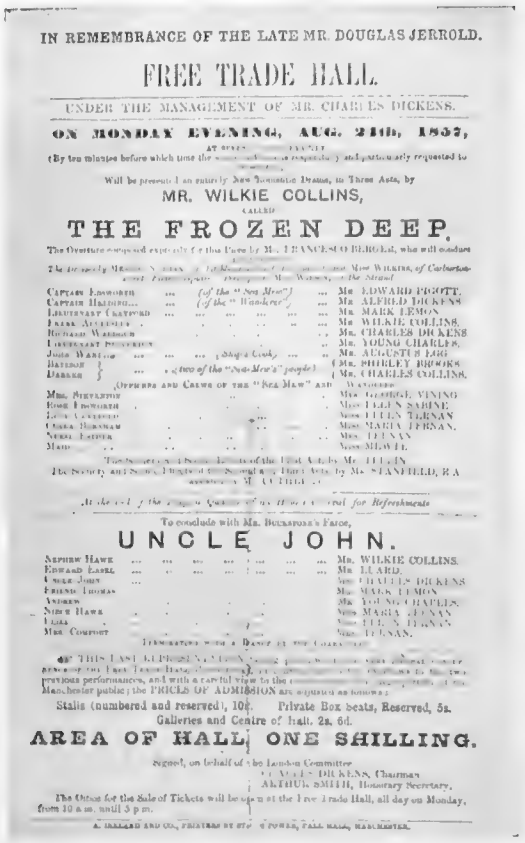
By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum

Mrs. Ternan (Fanny Jarman) and Lewis Ball in *All's Well That Ends Well*—1852

Both Dickens and Collins acted in *The Frozen Deep*. Among the professional actresses engaged were Mrs. Ternan and her daughters, Maria and Ellen. The eldest daughter, Fanny, was not in the cast. Dickens found himself in the conversational company he liked best and, without doubt, the ladies were flattered by the attentions of such a famous person. The month following the Manchester performances the Ternans were due in Doncaster, where the theatre was to open for the racing season. Making what they called *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*, Dickens and Collins, by a planned coincidence, found themselves in Doncaster during the races. They were able to meet the Ternans again and see a performance at the theatre. The acquaintance of Charles with the actress family was merging into friendship.

The friendship ripened further in town where Mrs. Ternan had a house in Islington. Before marrying Tom Ternan, actor-manager and important lessee of theatres in the North of England, she was the celebrated Fanny Jarman, the original of THE Fotheringay in Thackeray's *Pendennis*. She had played leading roles with most of the great actors of the day: Edmund Kean, Charles Kemble, Charles Kean, William Macready, G. V. Brooke and Samuel Phelps. That was past history. The actress was now a widow, virtually retired, with a store of reminiscences about giants of the stage. Her memories were of absorbing interest to Dickens.

Fanny, also in Doncaster, had, like her mother and sisters, been an infant prodigy. She was intent upon singing in opera, deserting drama for musical honours. A clever girl with an alert brain, Charles found her company a stimulant. She was to go to Florence to be a pupil of Pietro Romani, whose proud boast was that he had been the teacher of more "*prime donne*" than any professor of his time. Dickens furnished her with an introduction to Mrs. Trollope, who was living there with her son Tom. He, too, emulating his mother and brother, was an author, though he never obtained the reputation won by Anthony. In due course Fanny was to marry the easy-going Tom and, changing her ambition, turn from Grand Opera to authorship.



IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

FREE TRADE HALL.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

ON MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 24th, 1857,

(By ten minutes before which time the ... is respectfully and earnestly requested to ...

Will be presented an entirely New Romantic Drama, in Three Acts, by

MR. WILKIE COLLINS,

CALLED

THE FROZEN DEEP.

The Overture composed expressly for this Piece by Mr. FRANCESCO BERGER, who will conduct ...

The Incidental Music ... Mr. WILLIAMS, of the Strand.

Captain Ebsworth ... (of the "Sea Mew") ... Mr. EDWARD EGGOTT.
Captain Helding ... (of the "Wanderer") ... Mr. ALFRED DICKENS.
Lieutenant Crayford ... Mr. MARK LEMON.
Frank Aldersley ... Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
Richard Wardour ... Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Lieutenant Penrefelt ... Mr. YOUNG CHARLES.
John Want[illegible] ... Mr. AUGUSTUS EGG.
Bateson } ... (two of the "Sea-Mew's" people) { Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS.
Danker } { Mr. CHARLES COLLINS.

(Officers and Crew of the "Sea Mew" and Wanderer)

Mrs. Steventon ... Miss GEORGE VINING.
Rose Ebsworth ... Miss HELEN SABINE.
[illegible] ... Miss HELEN TERNAN.
Clara Burnham ... Miss MARIA TERNAN.
Nurse Esdaile ... Mrs. TERNAN.
Maid ... Miss MEWIS.

The Scenery and Scene ... of the First Act by Mr. TELBIN.
The Second and Third ... by Mr. STANFIELD, R.A.
assisted by Mr. CUTHBERT ...

At the end of the ... Interval for Refreshments

To conclude with Mr. BUCKSTONE'S Farce,

UNCLE JOHN.

Arthur Hawk ... Mr. WILKIE COLLINS.
Edward Easel ... Mr. LEARD.
Uncle John ... Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.
Frank Thomas ... Mr. MARK LEMON.
Andrew ... Mr. YOUNG CHARLES.
Sidney Hawk ... Miss MARIA TERNAN.
Lisa ... Miss ELLEN TERNAN.
Mrs. Courtney ... Mrs. TERNAN.

Terminating with a Dance by the Corps ...

... THIS LAST SUPPER ... previous performances, and with a careful view to the ... Manchester public; the PRICES OF ADMISSION are arranged as follows:

Stalls (numbered and reserved), 10s. Private Box Seats, Reserved, 5s.
Galleries and Centre of Hall, 2s. 6d.

AREA OF HALL, ONE SHILLING.

Signed, on behalf of the London Committee

CHARLES DICKENS, Chairman.
ARTHUR SMITH, Honorary Secretary.

The Offices for the Sale of Tickets will be open at the Free Trade Hall, all day on Monday, from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m.

A. IRELAND AND CO., PRINTERS BY STEAM POWER, PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

By courtesy of the Manchester City Library

By courtesy of the Manchester City Library

Programme for *The Frozen Deep*, presented in Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in 1857. It was in this play Dickens met the Ternans. **Above right:** Water-colour by R. Dudley showing Dickens and Wilkie Collins on the stage in *The Frozen Deep*.

She was to write some fourteen novels, a two-volume biography of her mother-in-law, the eccentric Mrs. Frances Trollope, and collaborate with her husband in a book on the Italian poets.

Maria was a young actress whom Dickens greatly admired. Of her realistic performance in *The Frozen Deep* he wrote to Mrs. Coutts:

I never saw anything like the distress and agitation of her face, a very good little pale face, with large black eyes. It had a natural emotion in it (though it was turned away from the audience) which was quite a study of expression.

Full-of-fun Maria, a merry soul, bustled about the house, rushing to and from rehearsals and, when away from the theatre, delighting Dickens with imitations of her fellow-players. Ellen, the youngest of the girls, had a steady engagement at the foremost comedy theatre in London, the Haymarket. She had been on the stage since her debut at Sheffield in the sob-sodden drama of *The Stranger*, at the age of three.

By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum

Mary, Ellen and Fanny Ternan

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson (Ellen Ternan) on their wedding day

The little child had grown into a sensitive young woman, more easily discouraged by setbacks than her sisters. Progress at the Haymarket was slow; in fact, she was being relegated more and more to "walking ladies," those who come on in a scene, say little and do less. She was devoted to her mother and to the home, however temporary it had, perforce, to be for the wandering Ternans. Studious, an avid reader, her interests were many. There were few subjects in which she was not versed: whatever question was put to Ellen she always had a bright, if not the right, answer.

Mother and daughters moved to Ampthill Square in 1859, occupying a house which was to be destroyed by bombing in the Second World War. It was here that Dickens became a frequent visitor, literary work permitting. He was legally separated from Catherine and felt free to adopt the Ternan family, or was it that the Ternan family adopted him? In their theatrical eyrie Charles enjoyed playing cards with the old lady, listening to her stage stories, joining in the antics and burlesque numbers of Maria and singing sentimental ballads with Ellen. Dickens was truly at home.

Four years later Rowland Taylor, son of a prosperous brewer in Oxford, persuaded Maria to leave the stage and marry him. Mrs. Ternan and Ellen, missing both Fanny and Maria, went to live at Slough, near Windsor, where Palgrave Simpson, shining light of the Windsor Strollers, was acting with his top amateur group. Simpson, assisted by Dickens, had written *The Master of Ravenswood*, then being performed at the Lyceum. Mrs. Ternan was in the play, registering her final farewell to the theatre, and it may well have been that Simpson suggested Slough, then a peaceful village, as a comfortable retreat for the ladies. Dickens came to see them when time allowed between the Readings from his novels with which he was going round the country. These Readings were a form of acting—and there was greatness in his acting. At last he had achieved his youthful ambition of being a professional play-actor.

Ellen and her mother left Slough in 1867 and went to Nunhead, taking with them their faithful servant, Jane Brown. They were installed in a small villa which it is assumed Dickens rented for them. America was calling him. He was to give the Readings over there, and during his absence his treasured friends would have a measure of security. Neither of them was now earning from the theatre. Maria in Oxford, having parted from an impossible husband, had developed her gift of portrait painting, making an income from her work. Later she was to join Fanny in Italy.

On his return from the United States, Dickens had his permanent residence at Gad's Hill. Here Ellen would sometimes stay, always welcomed as a guest by Georgina Hogarth, who kept house for her brother-in-law, Charles. Dickens was to die in 1870 and Mrs. Ternan in 1873. Ellen was alone. Her name has been intimately connected with that of Charles. Was there a romance? The question was first raised in a book by Thomas Wright and repeated time and time again by others. The case is still "Not Proven." The evidence Wright supplied for his accusation was hearsay in the third degree and constant repetition does not make it any more than hearsay. And the statement that there was a child born in the London Lying-in Hospital has been completely repudiated by Graham Story in his recent investigation.

Eventually Ellen was to marry George Robinson, headmaster of Margate High School, where she taught French, elocution and took care of the social side attendant upon running the establishment. The Robinsons had two children, Geoffrey and Gladys. The latter, now Mrs. Reece, is still as active as when, like her forebears, she was an infant prodigy reciting verses composed by Aunt Fanny and with her name on programmes studded with those of star performers. She is the last of the theatrical Ternans.

"Dickens and the Stage" is based on Mr. Morley's ten recent articles in The Dickensian *entitled "The Theatrical Ternans."*

"That Brief and Roseate Hour"

Pauline Chase, then a young American actress, playing Peter Pan for the first time, in the production at the Duke of York's in 1906. *Right:* In the very first production of Barrie's play, also at the Duke of York's, Pauline Chase was the First Twin. In this special drawing which appeared in "The Sphere" of January 7, 1905, Nina Boucicault can be seen as Peter

Since *Peter Pan* was first performed at Christmas, 1904, it has become an institution. "The Sphere's" critic said after seeing it for the first time, "I have never witnessed a play more suitable for the entertainment of children. Nay, more, I have never seen a piece so well calculated to interest the elders who accompany the juvenile fraternity to the playhouse at this time of year." Tastes have changed; we may no longer take Barrie's whimsy so seriously; but Peter Pan has gone on fascinating the "juvenile fraternity."

In that first production, Peter was played by Nina Boucicault, and the First Twin was a young American girl, Pauline Chase. She had just scored a success as the Pink Pyjama Girl in *The Liberty Belles* in New York. Then she became the third Peter Pan (the second was Cissie Loftus) and went on to play the role for eight successive Christmas seasons, a record only rivalled by Jean Forbes-Robertson. Pauline Chase married in 1914. She died at Tunbridge Wells last Spring.

To many people, she was one of the finest of Peter Pans. She was apparently able to project a vivid impression of somebody not quite human, and had a certain remote fey quality. The Old Stager, paying tribute to her earlier this year in "The Sphere," remembered attending that first production and recalled the impression Pauline Chase made on him. "She was five days younger than I. . . . As First Twin I can testify with my hand on my heart that she was the ideal of one very susceptible young man, then wrestling with Anson on Contracts at Oxford; and as I saw her (more than once) in 1904, so has the picture remained, vivid and utterly enchanting, in my memory for more than half a century.

"Old men forget, no doubt, but the last memories to fade are probably their first loves, and I could wish that the clock might be turned back and I could live again that brief and roseate hour and feel again that romantic passion which first possessed me when Pauline Chase and her pyjamas first held me in thrall from behind the footlights. I never saw her again. . . ."

This Christmas again, Peter will fly in the window to enthrall audiences and the Darling children. But perhaps one might spare a thought for the endearing charm of that long ago First Twin in 1904, bowling over the young men in her pyjamas.

Pauline Chase as Peter in 1913

Guinivere, out hunting at Camelot, is taken prisoner by a Knight. Kex and Dodinel then attack him and are defeated, but he is brought down by Lancelot

FRENCH ARTHURIAN ROMANCES

Illustrated by a remarkable series of early fifteenth century miniatures

These miniatures are some of the 34 shown in an exhibition this summer in London at the Alpine Club Gallery, presented by Mr. W. R. Jeudwine. They all come from the same early fifteenth century French manuscript, which contained the five parts of the Lancelot cycle of the Arthurian Romances. It is likely that they are the surviving illustrations from a complete, lavish manuscript which either suffered a disaster or was cut up. Such secular manuscripts of this period, of such high quality, were produced in small numbers for aristocratic patrons and were few in number.

The pictures were identified from texts on the back. They were mounted in the early nineteenth century in a red morocco volume with an unidentified coat of arms. Later they came into the possession of Joachim Prince Murat and until recently passed to different owners by family descent.

So much for their provenance. The subject matter of the miniatures is concerned with one cycle of the Arthurian Romances, illustrating the adventures of King Arthur, Queen Guinivere and the Knights of the Round Table. It may seem surprising that a large part of secular French writing—both prose and verse—for several hundred years should be concerned with the exploits of an English king. But the links across the Channel were much closer in those days.

It is generally believed that the plot of the Arthurian Romances had its origin in the Historia Regum Britanniae by Geoffrey of Monmouth, written in the years 1136-8. Geoffrey in all probability forged the story of Arthur from a few references in old chronicles—modelling Arthur, his court and exploits on those of Charlemagne and connecting Arthur, a Saxon chieftain, with the Norman traditions of courtly chivalry. In 1155, a Norman poet, Maistre Wace, translated Geoffrey of Monmouth into octosyllabic French verse, adding the idea of the Round Table,

(*Continued on page 32*)

...t finds the cousin of the King of
...dred Knights in her tent guarded by
... Lancelot kills her knight who has de-
...him hospitality and goes on his way

FRENCH ARTHURIAN ROMANCES

Gawain and his nine companions on their search for Lancelot are led by a damsel to where a knight is being attacked by ten others

Sagremor, suspended from an oak tree, and a dam
Gawain, are rescued by Lancelot and Ywain who figl

On one of his magical adventures, Lancelot raises the stone guarding the entrance to a tomb and then slays the dragon which emerges from the tomb

Having crossed the sword bridge, Lancelot on his horse arrives in the capital of Gorre to fight Meleagant and rescue Guinivere

sel, tied by her hair and lamenting for
t the knights coming out of the pavilion

King Baudemagus of the kingdom of Gorre leads the battle against the Roman forces attacking him

Arthur and Guinivere watch the jousting at Camelot on Christmas Day, between the knights of Lancelot and those of Galehot

Lionel on horseback and fully armed is conducted by a vassal to a nearby monastery so that he may hear Mass

Watched by Arthur and Guinivere, knights taking part in a tournament at Camelot, leave through a gateway

On St. John's Day, Lancelot dismounts to join a knight and two damsels who are having an open air picnic

FRENCH ARTHURIAN ROMANCES

(*Continued from page 29*)

apparently a Breton legend. Next, Arthur was again transmogrified, even further from his origins, by Chrestien de Troyes, who added to the French Norman courtly chivalry, the psychological ideas of the Provençal code of courtly love. (This placed woman on an ideological pinnacle and made love a sacred code.)

To De Troyes, the Britain of Arthur was an exotic place with a distant and fabulous king, which was a fine setting for adventures, strange quests and fabulous romances. In this period came the rise of Lancelot, the type of perfect lover—his love for Guinivere, another man's wife, is a mixture of fascination, idolatry and learning. The impression to be gained from these romances is described by Professor Eugène Vinaver in the following words—"Here is a pleasant landscape, full of running waters, moated castles, and green lawns, amongst which move bright figures in blue and white and red armour. . . . Every now and then they stop to lay lance in rest and overthrow one another, and then swear eternal friendship and ride away."

By the thirteenth century the Arthurian romances were proliferating as more and more adventures were added. With Robert de Boron, they moved from verse to prose, and became enormously long. By the end of the fifteenth century Arthur's popularity had waned in France. But in England his popularity continued. This was largely due to one remarkable man—Thomas Malory. Little is known of his life except that he lived in the fifteenth century, was an M.P. for Warwickshire and a knight. At some time in his life, he was imprisoned—nobody is really sure why—and made two dramatic escapes. His last imprisonment was probably for political reasons and he died in 1471 probably still a prisoner. During this last period in jail he wrote his version of the Arthurian Romances, which was printed by Caxton under the title of *Le Morte Darthur*. Malory used French versions of the stories of Arthur, Lancelot and Tristram to produce the one work of extraordinary merit from the Arthurian corpus. Arthurian chivalry was to him a living ideal and he believed the romances to be a record of a vanished heroic age of England. It seems fitting that Arthur, probably an Anglo-Saxon chieftain, should have found at last his finest chronicler in an obscure English knight.

Moll Flanders, the heroine of Defoe's celebrated novel of the underworld of the early eighteenth century, saunters one Christmas Day past the silversmith's shop in Forster Lane in the City of London where she is tempted "to pursue the art in which she has so long been employed."

Moll Flanders' Christmas

Illustrated by William McLaren

The full title of Daniel Defoe's novel *Moll Flanders* (first published in 1722) runs as follows:

"The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the famous Moll Flanders, &c., who was born in Newgate, and during a life of continued variety, for three-score years, beside her childhood, was twelve years a Whore, five times a Wife (whereof once to her own brother), twelve years a Thief, eight years a transported Felon in Virginia, at last grew rich, lived honest, and died a Penitent. Written from her own Memorandums."

The drawings here concern an ill-fated Christmas, when, as she herself puts it, she was "drawing towards a new variety of life . . . It was on the Christmas Day following, in the evening, that, to finish a long train of wickedness, I went abroad to see what might offer in my way; when going by a working silversmith's in Forster Lane, I saw tempting bait indeed, and not to be resisted by one of my occupation, for the shop had nobody in it." She was about to lift a piece of plate when she realised that a fellow on the other side of the road had spotted her and was making his way over. She stamped her foot on the floor, pretending to call someone's attention, when he entered and seized her. She had just come to buy some spoons, she maintained, to match one she luckily had with her. The owner appeared with a Justice of the Peace and to them also she protested innocence. She allayed suspicion by buying a few spoons.

So far, so good. However, three days later, passing the open door of a shop, she saw some nice lengths of silk lying around, and was once more tempted. "That I may make short of the black part of this story, I was attacked by two wenches that came open mouthed at me just as I was going out at the door, and one of them pulled me back into the room, while the other shut the door upon me." She fought bravely for her freedom, appealing to the shopkeepers' sympathy, but the arrival of a constable sealed her fate. She was arrested and carried to Newgate prison . . . "that horrid place!"

Defoe, in his preface, recommends his work for its moral intent. Christmas was, perhaps, a suitable time for his heroine's regeneration to begin.

Moll is caught in the act of stealing some flowered silk by two wenches who, she says, "tore my clothes, bullied and roared, as if they would have murdered me." The wenches held her until a constable was fetched, to take her to Newgate prison and eventual transportation to Virginia.

Surrey under snow

Snow makes even the ugly seem attractive; and when it graces something as naturally beautiful as an English village church, the effect can be breathtaking. The churches in the photographs are both of villages in the shelter of the North Downs, in the neighbourhood of Dorking in Surrey. Mickleham lies in the woody valley of the River Mole. The church is much enlarged and restored, but some of the original late Norman shafted windows can be seen in the nave. Wotton, a few miles away has a much older church; the West tower is considered by some to be pre-Conquest. The interior shows the associations of the village with the Evelyn family; among the tombs is that of John Evelyn, the noted diarist of the seventeenth century.

The solid Norman tower of the parish church of St. Michael, Mickleham, near Dorking, in Surrey

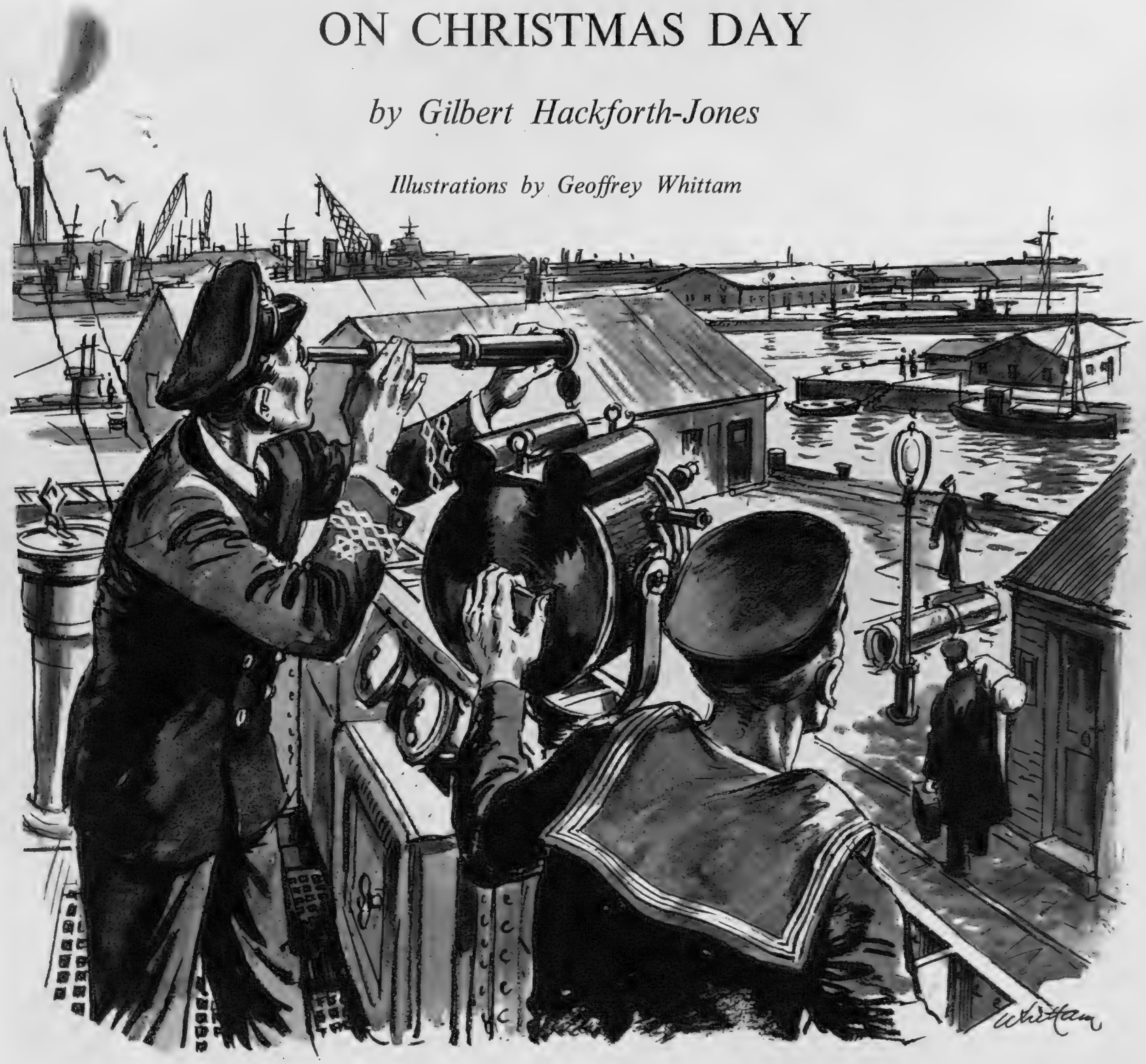
The parish church of St. John, Wotton, seen from a nearby slope

Photographs by A. F. Kersting

SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones

Illustrations by Geoffrey Whittam



On the depot-ship: "Joe ran up on to *Santiago*'s bridge from which *Sheldrake*'s upper works were just visible. Borrowing the duty signalman's telescope . . ."

It was as if the ancient gods and spirits, whose festival it had been for millenniums before the birth of Christ, resented the wholesale adoption of their heathen rites, and put mischievous spokes in the wheels of Christian behaviour whenever it was possible.

The Christmas of 1941 was a typical example. Joe had only recently been appointed first-lieutenant of *Sheldrake*, a comparatively modern submarine which was completing a refit in the small dockyard at Eastport. Three-quarters of the crew were on extended leave, for *Sheldrake* had taken a beating during the holocaust of 1940, a beating which required a new bow, the old one having been blown off by a mine. Her return to harbour, escorted by half the fleet, had been something of an epic. Her captain had been singled out for promotion and decoration, medals were flung by the handful among the crew and the then first-lieutenant was raised to the Periscope School in recognition of his cool courage. In a few weeks he would be in command of his own vessel.

To step into such a man's shoes was difficult anyhow, and was not made easier by the fact that Joe was wearing the wavy stripes of the Royal Naval Reserve. He could see that when the time came to get *Sheldrake* going again there would be a struggle. They knew all the answers, those boys; seasoned veterans, proud of their captain, and not a little cocky about it all. Joe Garton they regarded as something that came *after* the Lord Mayor's Show.

It all started in an orderly enough manner. Half the submarines were naturally on patrol. The utmost possible leave had been given to the crews of the vessels in harbour; a mere handful of caretakers remaining in the flotilla during the two-day festival.

Sheldrake, lying some half a mile away from the submarine jetty, was manned by a party of six. When Joe had seen their names he had vaguely wondered just what sort of party would be held aboard. The leading hand of the Duty Port was a dyed-in-the-wool "stripey" whose conduct-sheet made excellent light reading. Long past his time for pension, he had bulldozed his continuance in submarines against every regulation on the subject. At sea, Flannagan was the hard kernel of the ship's morale: in harbour he not only went astray himself, but took many with him. As long as no one was seriously hurt he was generally regarded as worth the trouble he caused. The fact that he had volunteered to take Christmas Day on was in itself ominous. And so it was to turn out.

At half-past nine a uniformed sergeant of the Dockyard Police arrived aboard *Santiago* and asked to speak to the commanding officer of H.M.S. *Sheldrake*.

Joe stubbed out his cigarette and went out on to the quarter-deck where his caller awaited. The sergeant was a small man with a wispy moustache and a resentful expression. He was wearing the medals of the 1914 war, and clearly meant business. With note-book in hand he launched into his story.

During the previous night, he said, the NAAFI wine-store had been broken into and a case of Johnnie Walker had been abstracted. There was reason to believe that this act of larceny was committed by a member (or members) of the crew of *Sheldrake*.

"Why?" asked Joe.

(*Continued on following pages*)

SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

(*Continued from previous page*)

Sergeant Mathers produced his clues. They consisted of a three-cornered piece of blue serge which had been left on a projecting nail in the store, and a uniform cap on whose ribbon was embossed in gold lettering, " H.M. Submarines."

" Pretty conclusive," said the sergeant. Joe pointed out that it wasn't conclusive at all. No man in his senses would go on a burgling expedition and leave such palpable clues behind him; at least, he added, the sort of man that he was thinking of wouldn't.

He took the cap and examined it. It should have had the owner's name stencilled in white paint on the lining, but, of course, it didn't. Well aware of the habits of the older generation of seamen, Joe felt in the rim of the cap and found a packet of cigarette-papers and a small compressed slice of leaf tobacco. Not many sailors of the present day could stomach the strength of this form of baccy, made up with rum and canvas and tarred hemp into a Perique, and usually either chewed or smoked in a pipe. In fact, only one member of *Sheldrake's* crew was capable of smoking such material, a fact that was well known because of the numerous complaints by the weaker vessels aboard of the dreadful effluvia which the stuff made.

Undoubtedly this was Flannagan's cap, and equally undoubtedly Joe was in a jam. He had no doubt in his own mind where his first duty should lie. At this season of peace on earth and goodwill to all men he was not going to allow some prying copper to interfere with the internal discipline of his ship. At the same time he could not refuse to assist the law—at least outwardly.

" What do you propose to do? " he asked, fingering the cap and absent-mindedly abstracting the incriminating contents.

" Search the vessel, sir. Find the owner of that there, and look for a pair of trousers with a 'ole in them."

" Fair enough," said Joe, his mind working overtime. He looked very serious for a while, and then said: " This should be reported to the captain of the flotilla. Perhaps you 'd like to wait in the wardroom? " The sergeant gave a piercing look at Joe and at the gangway, and said he 'd wait outside where he could see what was going on. Joe ran up on to *Santiago's* bridge from which *Sheldrake's* upper works were just visible. Borrowing the duty signalman's telescope he was overjoyed to see a figure on the submarine's upper deck. There was this one hope. He wished the duty signalman a happy Christmas and asked him to switch on the 10-in. searchlight which was used for long-distance signalling. Then he trained the apparatus on the distant submarine and flashed a greeting signal, followed by—" do not serve out spirit ration until further notice." That was the best he could do. The figure on deck seemed to understand the message and disappeared below with the speed of a man with a guilt-complex.

Sergeant Mathers was definitely impatient by the time Joe returned. " Well, sair? " he asked: " And what did your commanding officer have to say? "

" We 're to carry on," said Joe.

" Didn't I see Captain Deacon on his way ashore this morning? " went on the sergeant.

" Probably," said Joe with a yawn: " I spoke to the duty commanding officer."

They went down the gangway together and walked through the dockyard. If Flannagan was half the man he supposed him to be the stuff would have been ditched by now.

As if reading his thought the sergeant said: " They won't be able to get rid of it by throwing it overboard. I 've two men watching the hatches. If it 's aboard we 'll find it."

" And if you don't find it? "

" Leading Seaman Flannagan was on deck to greet them. He was a large man . . ."

" We will, sir,"

" Aren't you rather jumping to conclusions? "

" Not when Leading Seaman Flannagan's aboard your boat. Him and me have known each other a long time——" He coughed significantly and changed the subject. " Something always happens on Christmas Day."

Leading Seaman Flannagan was on deck to greet them. He was a large man; if he had been tall and thin instead of broad and short the fact that he was swaying on his feet would have been more obvious. From the direction of his mouth flowed a curious mixed effluvia of strong tobacco, peppermint and stale alcohol. As with most Irishmen in their cups he relapsed into musical-comedy *patois*. He wished them the top of the morning, and a very happy Christmas and hoped that on this beautiful day when all men were bound together in the mystic union of the birth of the Son of God they 'd be after taking a drop of the crater. He had, he said, been saving his rum ration in order to entertain any chance visitors, and he was more than delighted to see his old acquaintance Sergeant Mathers.

How long he would have gone on if he had not been pulled up there was no knowing. He was shown the cap by the sergeant and asked if he recognised it. He reached up and took off the one he was wearing which was clearly two sizes too small for him, and swore before the Holy St. Patrick that he knew nothing about anything. Before Flannagan committed himself further by swearing innocence of a charge which had not been made, Joe hastily intervened.

" The police," he said, " have reason to believe that a case of whisky which was stolen from the NAAFI store last night was brought aboard *Sheldrake*."

" Glory be to all the blessed Saints—" said Flannagan piously, " and why should they be after thinking that? "

" Why indeed," said Joe drily. " This officer," he went on, " has asked permission to search the ship from stem to stern, and since I am convinced of your innocence, Flannagan, I have given him permission to do so. Furthermore," he added, much to the sergeant's distaste, " a round-the-clock observation is being kept on these hatches in order that the police may satisfy themselves that nothing comes aboard, *or leaves* this vessel without being seen."

Flannagan held up his hands. " Ah the poor fellows," he cried, " to think that they should be doing that on this Day of Days ! 'Tis a hard life a policeman's, but I 'll see that they are given a dram when the sun is over the after-periscope."

" Lead on," said Joe. " We'll start in the fore-ends. See that the 3-in. magazine and all lockers are opened up."

The trio clattered down the fore-hatch ladder into the torpedo compartment, gaunt and empty and littered with dockyard workmen's tool-boxes which the sergeant eyed with suspicion before lifting each one and shaking it for the sound of clinking glass. Then he strode into the torpedo tube space and stood frowning at the six great watertight rear doors of the tubes. Joe noticed Flannagan's fingers stiffening as he prepared himself to resist to the bitter end.

" I 'd like these doors open, please," said the sergeant.

" Certainly," said Joe.

"A thin pencil of water, under considerable pressure, shot out . . ."

Flannagan turned to him. "You 'll be after forgetting something, sir. There 's no bow-cap rubbers been fitted as yet—the tubes are open to the sea." As he spoke he leaned forward and opened the small pet-cock on the tube door immediately facing the sergeant. A thin pencil of water, under considerable pressure, shot out to catch the policeman between the eyes. "You see!" explained Flannagan as he shut the cock and wiped the sergeant down with a bit of cotton-waste. Mathers took the treatment with that same stoicism with which constables show when dealing with sit-down protests. He addressed himself to Joe.

"Did you know those tubes were flooded, sir?"

"You can't expect a new officer to know everything," interposed Flannagan. "It was the air raid two weeks back. The rubber store was blitzed and the bow-cap rubbers were all destroyed."

The sergeant made a note in his book and turned away. He was very thorough and looked everywhere, including the periscope-wells in the control-room and the Forbes' Log tank. It was clear that this was not the first submarine that he had searched. Meanwhile on deck his two myrmidons were rummaging the submarine's casing.

Steadily the search went on—the other members of the Duty Watch supported themselves at various intervals throughout the boat, breathing out fumes of liquor and peppermint drops. It was obvious that they all had colossal hangovers, but where was the proof that they were caused by Johnnie Walker.

When every locker had been searched and every possible cache examined the morning

(*Continued on following page*)

On board the submarine *Sheldrake*. . . ." In a moment or two the table was littered with pound notes"

SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

(*Continued from previous page*)

was well-nigh finished. Joe took the sergeant into the little wardroom and offered him a drink which was refused. " Christmas or no Christmas," said Mathers, " it 's my duty to warn you, sir, that any attempt to shield these men from the consequence of their acts will be regarded as the compounding of a felony." He paused, waiting for Joe to come clean. " As I see it," he said, " there has been no opportunity to dispose of the empty bottles—I imagine they 're empty by now. If need be I 'll get permission to dock this ship to examine those torpedo tubes—and as soon as Christmas is over I 'll have divers down to see what 's lying in the bottom—just in case they were able to ditch them. In the meantime I shall require you, sir, to keep the forward and after hatches shut, and allow me to place a man aboard on the bridge to see that nothing leaves this vessel."

Flannagan and Joe watched the irate policeman's departure in silence. When he was gone, Joe said: " You 'd better come clean, Flannagan, if only for my sake. Where are they? "

Flannagan looked at him reproachfully. " You 've nothing to worry about, sir. They 'll never find a trace. It 'll be Himself as will be coming along cap-in-hand (his own cap at that, not something he picked up off the head of an unsuspecting sailor as 'as had a drop too much, it being the festive season) to apologise for his foul suspicions. And now, sir, you 'll do well to be seen going ashore at once, otherwise those evil-minded snoopers (he glanced at the watchers) will be after thinking we 're hatching something. The top of the morning, sir, and request permission to serve out spirits? "

And that was that. It wasn't until nearly the following Christmas when Joe had established himself in the hearts of his crew and was being entertained before he left to take his own command that he was told the rest of the story.

" Strategy," said Flannagan. " Sheer diabolical strategy. The sergeant, you see, was convinced that the bottles were in the torpedo tubes and he thought he could check on my story that there were no rubbers on the doors. But if you recollect, sir, that was true, but he couldn't find it out till after the holiday was past. That gave us time to dispose of the Dead Marines."

" Where were they while the search was on? " asked Joe.

" Each man had a bottle lashed to the calf of his leg—'twas awkward but we managed. Then, as soon as you and Sergeant Nosey were gone we broke the bottles up after emptying them into convenient receptacles, of course, and pounded them into fine ground glass. We was at it all night. Then we put it down the lavatory pans and blew it over the side."

" I had guessed as much," said Joe. " I noticed that the air-compressor was working on Boxing Day morning." He looked round him. " Three hundred and sixty shillings divided by six—" he went on "—you each owe me three quid."

" You mean to say you gave the NAAFI the money for the drink? " asked Flannagan in astonished disgust.

" No, I didn't do that; but I squared my conscience by sending it anonymously to Mrs. Jackson who lost her husband in the *Gordian*; and now, my friends, you can square yours."

In a moment or two the table was littered with pound notes. Joe pocketed them, finished his drink and went on deck.

© *Gilbert Hackforth-Jones 1962. The story is an excerpt from the author's novel " I am the Captain" to be published by Hodder & Stoughton Ltd.*

From a shrine on the wall of a typical southern Italian house the Virgin and Child look down on one of the nostalgic sights of Caserta, a busy town on a main road, twenty-one miles from Naples. A modern saloon car has drawn alongside an old-fashioned *carrozza*. The driver, wearing a thick winter coat, seems unperturbed. There are many such vehicles in Caserta, mainly used to tour the spacious grounds of the nearby Royal palace, known as the Versailles of Naples and built by Charles III of Bourbon in the eighteenth century

STREET SCENE IN CASERTA

Photograph by Frank Monaco

There was an Old Woman named Towl,
Who went out to Sea with her Owl,
But the Owl was Seasick,
And scream'd for Physic;
Which sadly annoy'd Mistress Towl.

The first limerick from The History of 16 Wonderful Old Women, *printed for Harris and Son in 1820, and the first known book of limericks. It was published 26 years before the first limericks of Edward Lear.*

VICTORIAN COMIC VERSE

By Jolyon Wimhurst. Illustrations by Terence Freeman

Nonsense poetry, designed for children but read with enjoyment by adults, is usually taken to mean the work of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, and their imitators. But these two writers did not spring suddenly, fully-fledged, out of the head of the prim Victorian muse. There is a vast hinterland of children's and comic verse, which is today little explored but is full of unexpected and sometimes unintentional delights.

Children's nonsense and nursery rhymes have a long history—passing from generation to generation by word of mouth, little altered by literary convention but changed to meet social customs. Before the great peak in the middle of the nineteenth century there was little intentionally comic written for children. What was written for children was moral in nature, serious in intent, simplified in style, and often full of bathos in effect.

To modern eyes, the archetypal moral tale, published in the late eighteenth century, is the story of *Goody Two Shoes*. One patch of relief, but still betraying a goody-goody tone, is the little poem, entitled "Epitaph on a Dormouse, really written by a Little Boy."

In paper case,
Hard by this place,
Dead a poor dormouse lies;
And soon or late,
Summoned by fate,
Each Prince, each Monarch lies.

Ye Sons of Verse,
While I rehearse,
Attend instructive rhyme;
No sins had Dor
To answer for—
Repent of yours in time.

This example neatly typifies three formative influences—(1) the heritage of a poetic past: the poem echoes James Shirley's great seventeenth-century dirge "The glories of our Blood and State"; (2) the moral tag appended at the end; (3) a taste of the staple diet for Victorian children — pets, often untimely snatched away.

Nonsense verse, particularly, is an escape from the world of adult reality. Animals, insects, birds, given human attributes, became a favourite avenue of escape. Forerunner to those charming and eccentric creatures brought to life by Carroll and Lear is a nonsense poem, "The Butterfly's Ball," of which I only have space to quote the opening lines:

Come take up your Hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's Ball, and the Grasshopper's Feast,
The Trumpeter, Gadfly, has summon'd the Crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you . . .

Prophetic words—the revels were only awaiting their twin masters of ceremony, Lear and Carroll. But before we pass on to them, I must glance at perhaps their most fertile precursor—Thomas Hood. He was a populariser, a man who let loose a flood of broadly humorous verse, dependent on the pun, by means of Comic Annuals aimed at catching the Christmas trade. All those hearty Victorian habits of broad jokes, outrageous puns, riddles and silly verses owe much to Thomas Hood, himself one of the most outrageous punsters of all time. In his annuals and other books, he published a wide variety of articles, poems and literary pieces. An example is:

Honor and Patrick in their function,
Atoning for a little private sin,
By practising one Scriptural injunction,
Whene'er they saw a Stranger, *took him in.*

The pun is significant. Because it gains its effect by implying two meanings simultaneously, it makes it impossible to take either meaning seriously. The faint shock (to his first readers at any rate) of this verse, with its reference to Scriptural injunctions, is anæsthetised by Hood's confident enjoyment of the pun. Developments of this genre, as it caught on with huge popularity, enabled writers like Hood to broaden their scope, so that the emphasis shifted from moral instruction to simple pleasure, from simplified moral teaching to complicated nonsense.

The pun becomes the point of the verse. Take, for instance, "The Careless Nursemaid."

I saw a Maid sit on a Bank,
Beguiled by Wooer fain and fond;
And whiles his flattering vows she drank,
Her nurseling slipt within a pond!

All eventide they talked and kissed,
For she was fair and he was kind:
The sun went down before she wist
One other sun had set behind!

With angry hands and frowning brow,
That deemed her own the urchin's sin,
She plucked him out, but he was now
Past being whipped for falling in.

She then begins to wail the lad
With shrieks that answered round—
O! Foolish maid, to be so sad
The moment that her care was drowned!

The complete re-emphasis of the purpose of the verse enables the writer to treat a serious matter—the death of a child—in a way which is only comic. It betrays a fascination with casual violence, here death by drowning, which was to become more emphatic as the century wore on. At the same time this enjoyment is inoffensive simply because presented in the form of a pun. It cannot be taken seriously. One likes such verses for the pleasure in the ingenuity of the words.

This leads directly to the triumphs of Lear and Carroll. Their method is one of playing with words, their fascination an escape from reality into a world turned upside-down by parody, fantasy, and nonsense. Both Lear and Carroll were preoccupied with words. Edward Lear's letters demonstrate the method in which his mind worked—objects and the sound of their descriptive names have a charm all of their own—much as a small child will repeat a fancied word over and over again without knowing its meaning. For instance, here is part of a letter written by Edward Lear on January 18, 1858.

I meant to have written a lot about the priests and the signori, and the good peasantry, and the orange-trees, and the seagulls, and geraniums, and the Ionian Ball, and Jerusalem Artichokes, and Colonel Patterson, and old Dandolo's palm-tree, and my spectacles, and the East-wind, and Zambelli's nasty little dogs, and fishermen, and Scarpe's cats, and whatnot, but I am too sleepy.

Let Dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so;
Let Bears and Lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature, too.

But Children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little Hands were never meant
To tear each other's Eyes.

This is one of Isaac Watts' little poems written for children, part of the output of a prolific writer, chiefly noted today for his hymns.

Lewis Carroll, a mathematician escaping from the world of logic, was by nature obsessive, meticulous and precise. The written word to him was all-important. His file of correspondence, for letters over thirty-seven years, contained 98,000 cross references. Like Lear, he loved playing with children and with words. Like Hood's puns, his method of fantasy disarmed criticism and broadened the scope and enjoyment of children's books. In Carroll's *Sylvie and Bruno*, there 's a telling little patch of dialogue:

" I wonder you 've got the face to tell me such fibs! " cried the gardener.

To which Bruno wisely replied, " Oo don't want a *face* to tell fibs wiz—only a *mouf*."

Of course, the most typical way in which the word took control of the verse is the limerick, where given the first line and its place-name, the rest of the verse depends wholly on finding a word to rhyme. Nobody really knows where the limerick came from or the origin of this form. But it was popularised in the early nineteenth century by a series of chapbooks or pamphlets, of which perhaps the first were those published by Harris under such titles as " Sixteen Wonderful Old Women."

Edward Lear found this verse form particularly suited to his delight in words. He is often taken as the originator of the form, but well over twenty years before his first book the first limericks appeared in print. At the time Edward Lear was living at the home of his patron, Lord Derby, and there he made up probably his first limericks, acknowledging they were modelled on a series called *Adventures of Fifteen Gentlemen*.

Lear reached a total of 200 limericks and had many imitators. One of the best of these was " Funny Figures by a Funnyman," published in 1868—for instance:

There was a queer fellow named Woodin,
Who always ate pepper with pudding,
Till, one day, 'tis said,
He sneezed off his head!
That imprudent old fellow named Woodin.

Many people tried to follow in the footsteps of Lear and Carroll, but few achieved that degree of unselfconscious charm. Even Hilaire Belloc became clever-clever:

The Bison is vain,
And I write it with pain—
The doormat you see on his head
Is not as some learned professors maintain,
The opulent growth of a genius brain,
But is sewn on with needle and thread.

Of all kinds of children's verse, nonsense verse is the most difficult to write well. It is a natural activity and cannot be learned. However much you trace the literary ancestry of Lear and Carroll, and dissect the tricks of their trade, you cannot really discern their secret.

Yesterday Rebecca Mason,
In the parlour by herself,
Broke a handsome china basin,
Placed upon the mantel-shelf.

Quite alarmed, she thought of going
Very quietly away,
Not a single person knowing
Of her being there that day.

But Rebecca recollected
She was taught deceit to shun;
And the moment she reflected
Told her mother what was done.

Who commended her behaviour
Loved her better, and forgave her.

This short poem by Elizabeth Turner is typical of the writer, one of the best of early nineteenth-century children's authors.

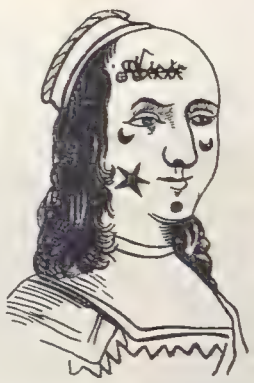
COMPLEXIONS FROM BOXES

by Primrose Rostron

Centuries ago Xenophon recorded that women painted themselves with white lead and vermilion. They tipped their eyebrows with purple dye and wore " high-heeled shoes that made them tall beyond their stature."

Beside the Nile, Cleopatra fascinated Julius Cæsar and anticipated the twentieth century by using green eyeshadow and painting her nails deep red. Later in Rome, the lovelies and bottle blondes (caustic soda and cuttlefish) at Nero's Court whitened their skins, rouged their lips and kept their tongues velvety, by stroking them with flat ivory sticks.

Over a thousand years later the returning Crusaders kissed their wives, unlocked their chastity belts and presented them with " souvenirs " from the glamorous East. These were painted wooden bottles of kohl, complete with spoon, bronze applicator and instructions on the use of eye shadow.



The seventeenth century made use of patches

For centuries the Italians remained the great perfumers of Europe. In Tudor England, Stow commented that " Maskes, Buskes, and Bodkins were first devised and used in Italy by curtezans, and from thence brought to France and England."

Elizabethan men liked their women to have complexions resembling " roses in a bed of lilies." Any torture was endured to achieve this pink, white and golden look. Skins were whitened with ceruse, a dangerous mixture of lead and vinegar.

Eyebrows were plucked and darkened. Belladonna was dropped into eyes with a feather, and blue veins pencilled on to cerused bosoms, which unmarried women largely exposed.

> Her bosom sleek as Paris plaster,
> Held two balls of alabaster.
> Each byas was a little cherry,
> Or else I think a strawberry,

wrote an admirer of Queen Elizabeth I.

On dressing-tables stood potions and lotions. " Water to make women more beautiful than ever," was a favourite obtained by " taking a raven from a nest, feeding it on hard-boiled eggs for forty days." Then killing it and distilling it with myrtle leaves. Many housewives kept a bottle of " Tristam's Water " handy. It cured spots, halitosis, and kept one young, if rubbed on the head each morning. At James I's Court masks were essential for women on all public occasions, even hunting. Unmasked females were considered immodest and *barefaced.*

Fashionable ladies " had pots of ointments, combs with poking sticks . . . and confections to clarify the skin, lipsticks and cloaths of scarlet dye . . ." on their dressing-tables.

Patches to show off the enchanting curve of the nostrils were coming into fashion. They were usually cut from black taffeta or red Spanish leather, often perfumed. Favourite shapes were stars, crescents, crowns and diamonds. Around 1650 a black silhouette of a coach-and-horses was worn on the forehead. This was considered very dashing. Lady Castlemaine, Charles II's mistress, thought that patches should be worn on all occasions except mourning.

One evening the admiring Pepys watched her leave the theatre and summon her attendants . . . " for a little patch for her face and put it into her own mouth and wetted it . . . it appears she feeling a pimple arising there."

Soon Mrs. Pepys was wearing patches to hide her spots.

Another evening the Pepys attended the Royal Theatre. In the audience sat my Lady Mary Cromwell, who . . . " when the house began to fill put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play, which of late is become the fashion among the ladies, which hides the whole face. So to the Exchange . . ." to buy a vizard for Mrs. P. !

In Queen Anne's reign patches often showed their wearer's politics. One evening, Steele, of *Tatler* fame, visited the Haymarket Theatre and saw two parties of women in opposite boxes. . . . " I found they were patched differently . . . some spotted on the right side (Whig), some on the left (Tory)."

An early nineteenth-century print of a lady dressing, entitled " An Irresistible Arming for Conquest "

By 1742, the injurious ingredients used in the manufacture of cosmetics was causing concern. So censors from the Royal College of Physicians were appointed to examine any cosmetics on sale within 17 miles radius of the Strand. A few years later the two beautiful Gunning sisters, Maria and Elizabeth, arrived from Dublin and took London by storm. They were mobbed like film stars. At nineteen Maria married Lord Coventry, and one Worcestershire shoemaker made a fortune by charging 1d. a time for admirers to hold Lady Coventry's shoes !

Her husband forbade his bride to use either powder or rouge, and on their honeymoon in France he had " coursed her round the table, and scrubbed her face with a napkin."

Maria was high-spirited and continued to use cosmetics, but within seven or eight years of the marriage her beauty had vanished, and the noxious white lead in the cosmetics may have caused her early death.

No wonder the College of Physicians expressed concern. Today, in the United States the sale of dangerous lipsticks is forbidden.

In England by 1786, toilet articles were taxed and shops which sold cosmetics put " Licenced to deal in Perfumery " over the door. Their wares included a vegetable rouge applied with a napkin, washballs, cold creams, and toilet waters. One brand, " Sukuet," was recommended for Miss in her 'teens. The best sort of Spanish wool (rouge) was sold in cakes the size and thickness of a crown piece, and another variety, Red Spanish Papers, were carried in the pocket book.

Chinese boxes of colours holding make-up made attractive presents. They were expensive, the boxes were japanned outside and each held twenty-four papers. Green ones reddened the cheeks, black for the eyebrows and white to make the skin look like alabaster. These wonders were performed by first wetting the tips of the fingers and then placing the coloured side of the paper to the skin.

There were lip salves made from deer fat. The best pearl powder came from crushed pearls, though a cheaper brand was manufactured from squashed oyster-shells.

Nail varnish was unknown in England before 1786, when a Nabob's wife scandalised London Society by painting her fingers and toes. In the early nineteenth century rouge was still used modestly. Ladies of great respectability blackened their eyebrows with ripe elderberries or a burnt cork. Country cousins touched up their cheeks with a red sponge or a wet red ribbon. In Paris rich women bathed in strawberry or raspberry perfume. The Empress Josephine introduced the use of soap into fashionable circles, although Napoleon still preferred eau-de-Cologne, using one bottle a day.

When the French wars were over, Gronow, of the Foot Guards, recorded that ". . . after Waterloo thousands of oddly-dressed English flocked to Paris." Most of the British beauties appeared provincial, but a visit to the French capital soon changed this. Stage coaches and four-in-hand teams arrived from England to drive down the Champs-Elysées with chic, French-accoutred Englishwomen perched on the box. Paris was again the centre of the Haute Couture.

Back in England country ladies washed their faces in a mixture of horse-radish and cold milk to keep their pink and white complexions. In 1863, the enterprising Mrs. Sarah Leverson opened a salon in Bond Street. This was a great innovation and over the doorway was printed BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER. One of her preparations was Rachel powder, a shade available today.

By the Naughty 'Nineties some of the best face powder was sold at Willie Clarkson's, from a recipe of Lily Langtry's.

Lipstick proper appeared on the social scene in 1895. One ladies' journal recorded ". . . that the coming Season will be one of complexions out of boxes." That year Marcel, the French *coiffeur*, invented his curling tong wave. It was the great standby of our grandmothers, before perming was invented.

In Edwardian England, pretty girls had complexions of " peaches and cream," and poor relations bit their lips and slapped their cheeks to produce a becoming blush on the way to a ball.

Newly-restored paintings by Laguerre of scenes from the battle of Ramillies decorate the Main Staircase of Marlborough House in London. It was built as a town residence between 1709 and 1711 by Sir Christopher Wren for Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, because she disliked the vast country seat of Blenheim Palace. The staircase was designed by the architect. At one time the paintings were covered with a facing to imitate stone, and later were heavily overpainted. Both saloon and staircases of the house were decorated with scenes from the Duke's famous battles in the War of Spanish Succession, of which Ramillies was one of the most important. Sir Winston Churchill, in his biography of the Duke, writes: 'As Blenheim saved Vienna, so Ramillies conquered the Netherlands'. Marlborough House which was for many years a residence for members of the Royal Family was converted earlier this year into a Commonwealth Centre.

SARAH'S STAIRCASE

DREAMS TO LET

Paintings by
Lucien Lowen

SERVING THROUGH THE AGES

By Pauline Baynes

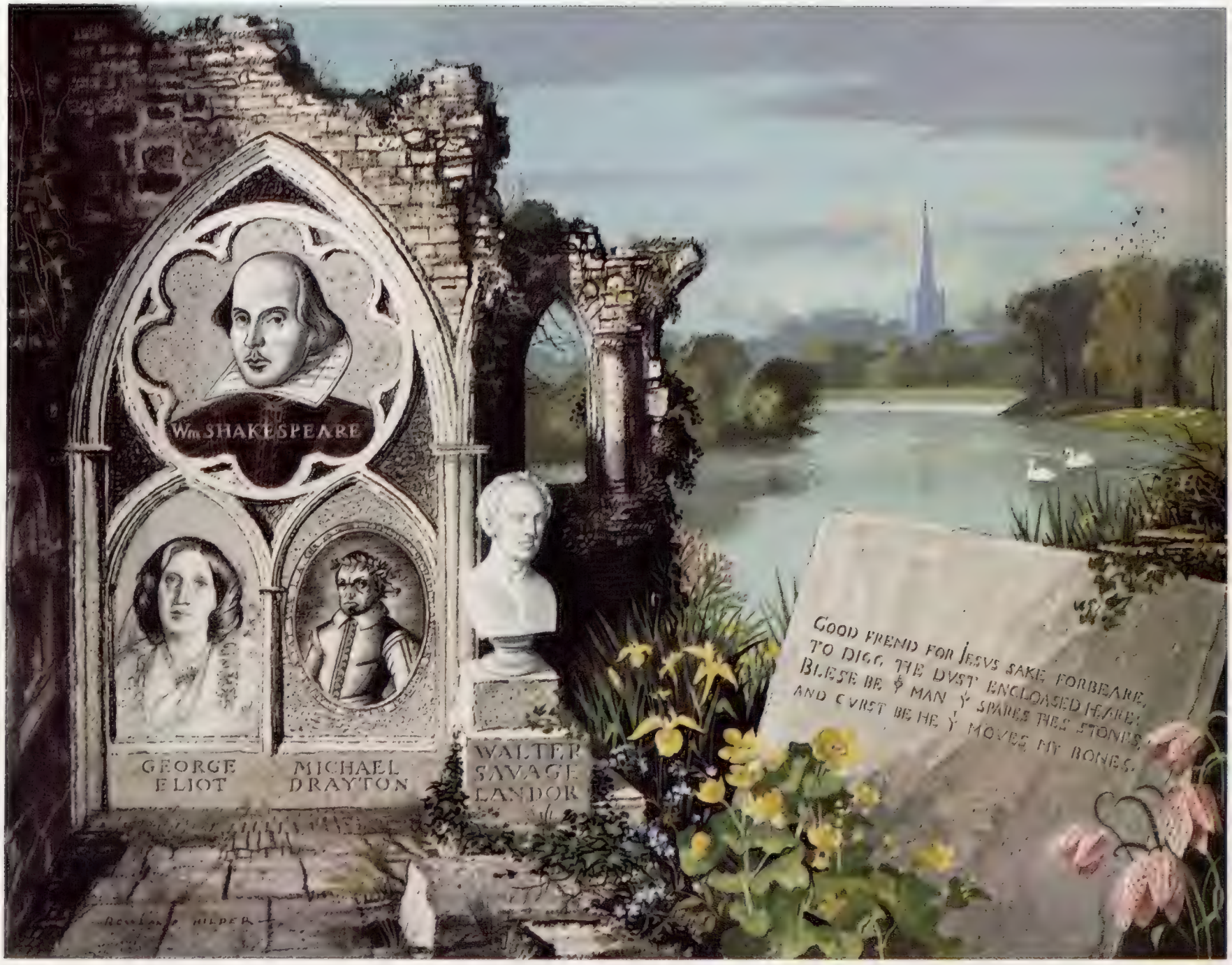
The vigorous quotation at the top of this pictorial survey of the servant girl through the ages is from the 14th century John de Trevisa. In those days the servant woman was expected to learn and perform all manner of tasks—weeding, milking, harvesting, butter-making, caring for pigs and poultry, brewing, working in the laundry and in the kitchen, tending her mistress in the bath, at

the dressing table and in the linen closet. As the years went by, lines of demarcation crept in and servants did only certain tasks and acquired special names and uniforms. The way to advancement for a servant was either through becoming a confidante to her mistress or making a match suitable to herself, but unsuitable to her husband's relatives. Wages were low, but included full board and lodging—from £3-£5 in the 17th century, with vails or tips, to £8-£16 in the 19th century. An average household in the 17th century had two maids and even in the late 19th century, lower middle class households had their servants. Ideas of the servant maid are conditioned by the recent past. Kipling's soldier remembering England from Mandalay recalled,

"Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer
Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they
understand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
Law! Wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner,
greener land!"

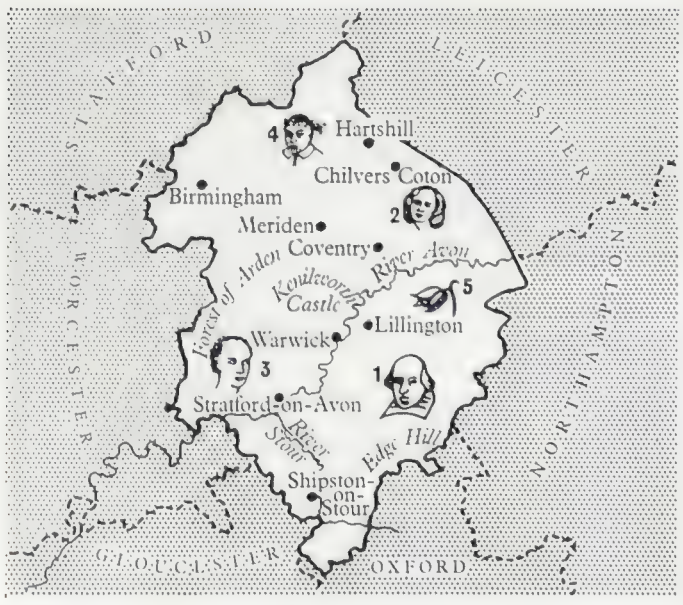
Fruit for Christmas

Painted by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE



Painted by Rowland Hilder

Shell guide to WARWICKSHIRE



Geographically the centre of England (the centre is variously put at Lillington and Meriden), this is perhaps the most civilized and self-contented of all English counties. The great novelist Henry James wrote of Warwickshire as a county of "densely grassed meadows" and of lawns "delicious to one's sentient boot-sole"; he wasn't at all surprised that so ripe a countryside suggestive of manger and larder had nourished geniuses so "ripe, healthy and human" as Shakespeare (1) (christened and buried in Stratford Church) and George Eliot (2) (born at Arbury Farm, Chilvers Coton, at the other end of the county, 22nd November, 1819), whose *Middlemarch* and *Adam Bede* are soaked with Warwickshire. He might have added that few counties have such a pride, not only of summer nightingales, but of eminent poets, including Walter Savage Landor (3), born in Warwick in 1775, Fulke Greville, murdered in 1628, and buried in St. Mary's, Warwick, under a curt, noble inscription: "Fulke Grevill, servant to Queene Elizabeth, Conceller to King Iames, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney"; and Michael Drayton (4) (born at Hartshill, in 1563, son of a tanner), whose poems celebrate Warwickshire, the Forest of Arden, and Warwickshire's nightingales – as well as Coventry in lines apt to its state in this year of the dedication of the new cathedral:

Now flourishing with fanes, and proud piramides,
Her walls in good repaire, her ports so bravely built
Her halls in good estate, her crosse so richly gilt.

Here as background to the Warwickshire writers you have the Avon, and Stratford Church, and around Shakespeare's famous gravestone flowers of the Warwickshire meadows and river verges (including fritillaries (5), which bear a Warwickshire name of "Shy Widows").

"The Shell Country Book" is an encyclopaedia of country things, a companion for every car excursion. Finely produced, nearly 400 pages, 40 colour plates, it's astonishing value for 1 guinea. Published by Phoenix House Ltd.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL *The key to the Countryside*

Christmas Vegetables

Painted by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH
THE QUEEN MOTHER
MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURERS
JAGUAR CARS LTD

G R A C E . . .

S P A C E . . .

P A C E . . .

a special kind of
motoring which no other car
in the world can offer

JAGUAR

LONDON SHOWROOMS 88 PICCADILLY W.1.

Development throughout the world promises a brighter future for

Tom, Dick & Ali

and Taylor Woodrow Teamwork is speeding that future . . .

YOUNG Tom looks on as strangers measure and survey: *what magic is this?* Young Dick stands by as giant excavators contour the soil . . . Young Ali gazes shyly at the steepling crane . . .

All over the world wide-eyed youngsters are watching *their* future taking shape from the landscape before them: the youthful lines of schools and colleges, the massive purpose of power stations, harbours and dams, the blithe efficiency of offices and hotels.

From Toronto to Kumasi, from Freetown to Fiji, *wherever* the world is young and growing, Taylor Woodrow are glad to be helping to create a secure future for the leaders of tomorrow and tributes to the wisdom of the leaders of today.

TAYPLANNING CONCERNS SO MANY FUTURES.

Wherever development is taking place today, the accent is on *speed*. Here the international value of Tayplanning comes in: a service that offers a truly world-wide grasp of every kind of planning problem to ensure the utmost speed and economy consistent with quality construction to the clients' own high standards. This is why more and more clients, the world over, entrust their projects to Taylor Woodrow *right from the start*.

Soothsayers and crystal-gazers have nothing on Tayplan specialists when it comes to looking into the future. The smallest detail no less than the large-scale consideration is gone into thoroughly, *in advance*, and a single co-ordinated master-plan evolved. Time, money and headaches are saved and tomorrow's generation are apt to see *their* future take shape that many tomorrows sooner.

With such important futures as Tom's, Dick's, and Ali's at stake, the Tayplanning service *makes such very good sense*. In recent years the Taylor Woodrow team has successfully carried out projects in Canada, West Indies, U.S.A., Sierra Leone, Nigeria, Ghana, Republic of Congo, Iran, Burma, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji Islands, and the United Kingdom.

TAYLOR WOODROW

TEAMWORK across the world

Taylor Woodrow—*Building, Civil and Mechanical Engineering Contractors*

10 Park Street London W1 GROSVENOR 8871.

Part of the Dornoch Firth from the moors above the Ross-shire village of Ardgay. In the background to the left is the Sutherland parish of Creich

THE WILDFOWLERS

Written & photographed by Alasdair Alpin MacGregor

One does not need to be an expert in matters of cartography to be able to see from a glance at the map how admirably suited to wildfowl is the Dornoch Firth. From its mouth, between Dornoch and the peninsula terminating in the lighthouse at Tarbat Ness, to its inmost reaches where the Kyle of Sutherland at high-water fills much of the channel of the Oykel River, it has its sands and sandbanks, its shallow bays and reedy shorelands, its marshes and sea-pools, its mud-flats and estuaries. Among these, duck and geese and the like breed and feed in numbers. Furthermore, the lower stretches of the three principal rivers entering the firth—the Oykel, the Shin, and the Carron—are likewise the resorts of innumerable wildfowl.

From mountainous country as distant as Ben Mor Assynt, these rivers deposit much alluvium, and are thus largely responsible for the nature of the firth itself. On the north side one has the Dornoch and the Cuthill Sands: on the south the Whiteness, Tain, and Edderton Sands, and also those muddy areas about Ardjackie, the Meikle Ferry, and Fearn, upon which the fowler has prowled from time immemorial.

One might mention those treacherous shoals and quicksands at the firth's entrance known as the Gizzen Briggs. They were a favourite resort of one of the three wildfowlers I have in mind. He went a-sailing there after seals. Indeed, he regarded the Briggs as his special preserve, and made things damnably unpleasant for any other fowler who dared encroach upon them.

First of our wildfowling trio comes Jock Naig—otherwise, John Ross. How this heavily bearded native of Easter Ross came by this nickname, and what it signified, I don't think I ever knew; and I suspect that all who could have supplied this information must now be dead.

Jock's home was at Invergordon. There he resided with his wife and family from February to August. The remaining five months of the year, except for occasional week-ends, he spent alone in his winter-quarters—an old and dilapidated house by the shore on the Edderton side of the Meikle Ferry. The land in this neighbourhood belonged then to Count Serra de Largo, of Tarlogie, a small property situated a mile or two north-west of Tain. The Count (*alias*, Peter Alexander Cameron MacKenzie, a native of Kingussie) suffered Jock to remain in this house by the shore, rent-free, in consideration whereof Jock often gave the Count a brace of the more choice birds which had fallen to his fowling-piece. Jock and the Count were great friends. The latter frequently strolled off from the grandeur of Tarlogie House for a crack with his wildfowling neighbour. As frequently, the contented Count might be observed returning home across the fields at sundown, carrying a couple of widgeon and a rabbit or two. Jock's boat-house was the recognised rendezvous for those friends of his who did not pry too closely into its owner's affairs, nor seek to elicit from him where the best duck-shooting or sealing might be had. Jock never parted with information such as might reach to advantage the ears of the other wildfowlers operating hereabouts.

Next in our trio of Jocks comes Jock Skinner, who had been baptised John MacRae. This fowler received his cognomen through his having been a slaughterman by trade. To this gory occupation he stuck throughout the greater part of his life. In his spare time he would launch his punt and creep out into the firth with a brace of fowling-pieces. This punt of his long remained a familiar object in these northern waters. Wildfowling was Jock's hobby, a hobby he turned to profitable account. He knew the firth's ducks and their ways as intimately as he did the members of his own household. Many a duck must have recognised in him its deadliest foe, for he was constantly creeping among the various species frequenting these parts, stalking them, and bringing them down. After a successful day's fowling, his son might be seen hawking the birds from door to door among the well-to-do in this locality of Easter Ross. Widgeon he sold at 1s. 6d. the pair, mallard at 3s. With luck during severe weather, a pair of geese brought three or four shillings.

By far the most renowned of our wildfowling Jocks was John Henry MacLeod, better known as Jock Hairy. This wily fellow detested sight or sound of the other two Jocks as much as they hated sight or sound of him. "Those upstarts!" he called them. "Those part-timers! Taking the bread oot o' honest men's mouths! If I had wan o' the booggars at the

(*Continued on following page*)

THE WILDFOWLERS

(*Continued from preceding page*)

end o' this boat-hook, I'd coup him oot o' his nesty, dirty, boorachy punt!"

The waters Jock knew more intimately than anybody were undoubtedly those of the Dornoch Firth. This explains how, on occasion, he acted as unofficial pilot for the small, topsail schooners of two or three hundred tons making their way up and down the firth's tortuous channel.

Jock was quite knowledgeable about boat-building and boat-repairing; and he was adept at all the more intricate sailor's knots and hitches. He could splice a rope, sailor-wise, with the best who ever sailed. Indeed, splicing was one of the more remunerative of his accomplishments. In power-driven farm machinery there is often a considerable amount of rope-drive for long spans, as in the case of straw-carriers and suchlike. Ropes, belts, and pulleys stretch and break, and have to be tautened or spliced. Jock's services therefore were constantly in demand on the prosperous, grain-growing farms of Easter Ross. For such handiwork he was well paid in cash, and received in addition much in kind—meal, butter, eggs, and always a dram.

There were other ways in which Jock Hairy added to his income. When the weather was "coorse" or otherwise unsuitable for the firth, he spent much time in dressing salmon and trout flies. For these, especially for such as he had designed himself, he had a regular clientele. A peep into his fly-book was one of the privileges of boyhood. Purchasers of his mallard drakes looked in vain for those small wing feathers suitable for dressing flies. The canny fowler had already removed them.

Jock Hairy's fleet, seaworthy and otherwise, consisted of the old launch in which he lived; of a pot-bellied cutter, decked and keeled, and about nine tons burthen; of a half-decked, centre-board boat with a lugsail; and of three or four duck-punts, one of which was a two-seater that on occasions a very special friend of his might be invited to share with him. The old launch was presented to him by the Duke of Sutherland, in [illegible] employment he once had been. Though propped up on the fore-[illegible] at Edderton, on land farmed by the Patersons, it was as tight as a [illegible]. At high spring tides it sometimes floated. It was the proud boast [illegible] occupant that it required no more than five minutes at the pump once [illegible] night to render it bone-dry.

[illegible]he matter of firearms he was also well supplied. From his keg of [illegible]", which stood in the launch's cabin, *near the stove*, he loaded his [illegible] cartridges. He certainly believed in keeping his powder dry in the [illegible]t literal sense! Many a lad visiting Jock at his shoreland abode squatted in pirate fashion upon that keg, recalling scenes from *Treasure Island*.

During the summer months Jock Hairy earned an honest shilling by taking local people and friends visiting them from distant parts on pleasure cruises in his lugsail boat. Year after year, fishing-tenants engaged him to convey them out to those regions of the firth most suitable for sea-trout. He also did a fair amount of ferrying. Those desirous of crossing the firth when travelling on business to Sutherland were thankful to be able to avail themselves of Jock's services, for in those pre-bus days they saved a four-mile walk round Cambuscurrie Bay to the Meikle Ferry. This traffic he conducted clandestinely, however, lest he offended the legitimate ferrymen, one of whom resided on the Ross-shire side of the firth, the other on the Sutherland.

Jock Hairy's duck-punt lying rotting on the shore of Cambuscurrie Bay

Jock's sealing enterprise usually took him to the Gizzen Briggs, already referred to. However, at times he shot seals much farther inland, in the more enclosed and constricted waters of the firth. About his success as a sealer he always sang small, fearful of encouraging the other two Jocks to try their hand at this pursuit, particularly among those sandbanks which he regarded as his own private preserve.

With cunning and dexterity Jock extracted every drop of seal oil. And a frightfully smelly operation this was! The blubber he boiled in a series of black, three-legged pots until he could skim off not another drop of oil. He then boiled the oil by itself until he had separated it into three grades. The best and clearest he disposed of locally. Farmers, crofters, and others were happy to purchase it for medicinal purposes. In cold weather Jock himself drank a good deal of it. The two inferior grades he collected in canisters supplied by an Aberdeen firm with which he dealt.

Poor Jock Hairy, toward the close of his carefree career, fell foul of the law in a degree that might have demanded of him the forfeiture of his life. One morning MacGregor, the gamekeeper, Jock's firm friend and carousing partner, crawled into a neighbour's house at Edderton, bespattered with blood and bleeding to death. As he collapsed, he muttered "Jock Hairy!" Medical aid and the police were summoned immediately. The former could do little for MacGregor, whose body bore some forty wounds. Jock was arrested and removed to the cells at Tain. MacGregor, in this frightful condition, had managed to stagger a mile and more from Jock's boat-house, having crossed a ditch, the railway line, a fence, and a dyke. A day or two later, without his having regained consciousness, he succumbed.

This quiet countryside of ours was deeply shocked. Nobody believed it possible that Jock could have been responsible, least of all his young associate, Kennie Paterson, until he had seen the interior of the cabin and,

(*Continued on page 58*)

The Dornoch Firth from the Sutherlandshire side of the Meikle Ferry

A cyclist tries to attract the attention of the ferryman on the Meikle

Long John

SCOTCH WHISKY

THE SCOTCH THEY DRINK IN SCOTLAND

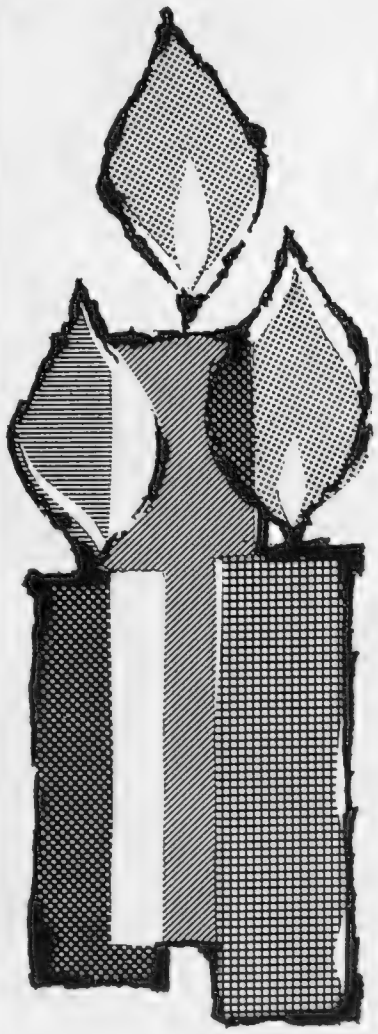
The unique Long John range of *six bottle sizes* includes two exclusive presentations — the Tregnum, which is three full-size bottles in one, and the Double-Double, a convenient new pocket flask.

DISTILLED, MATURED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

the costliest perfume in the world

PATOU

5.0 ½ oz. £10.10.0 1 oz. £16.0.0 2 oz. £29.0.0. Eau de Joy 1 oz. £3.10.0



let your light so shine

you will be silently blessed by the heart of a little child in our care if you give to Dr. Barnardo's this Christmas. For like all children, our children too await the coming of Christmas Day with unconcealed excitement. To care for our large family we rely on your generosity.

Please send a donation for Christmas to:

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

20 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

2117/G

Am I your child?

Yes! She and nearly 5,000 other children depend on you.

Help us to give these victims of family misfortune a happy Christmas.

Send in your donation to the Secretary.

Children's Society

CHURCH OF ENGLAND
CHILDREN'S SOCIETY
9 OLD TOWN HALL
KENNINGTON
LONDON · S.E.11.

Our light must not go out....

For over a hundred years, poor and destitute children have found a home and training in the care of this Society. Our work is still of vital importance today, to succour those—and there are many—for whom the Welfare State can make no provision.

Neither Subsidised nor Nationalised, we depend largely on voluntary subscription. Will you help us with our great work?

Please send a Christmas Gift to the

SHAFTESBURY HOMES & 'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP

PATRON H.M. THE QUEEN

Please send donations to the General Secretary:

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

FREE EXPERT ADVICE

is obtainable from the

GABBITAS-THRING EDUCATIONAL TRUST

on the choice of

SCHOOLS & TUTORS

especially Finishing Schools, Secretarial and Domestic Science Colleges, Coaching Establishments

Representative in Switzerland: Mrs. S. M. Cobb

Broughton House
6, 7 & 8 Sackville St., Piccadilly, W.1
REGent 0161

The ZEISS Map Reading Magnifier

Gives the best possible combination of high magnification with a wide field. The reading lens can be removed to enable the battery-handle to be used as a torch.
Price £6.15.0
Available from Asprey, Harrods and Opticians everywhere; or send for an illustrated folder from the sole British importers

Degenhardt AND COMPANY LIMITED
6 Cavendish Sq., London, W.1. LANgham 6097

From the cellar of a million bottles
LYONS WINE CELLARS

Chât. Cissac, Médoc, 1955 . . . 10/6

Réserve du Caveau, Beaujolais . . . 10/-

Free delivery on 3 bottles or more

Full Wine List from:

LYONS WINE CELLARS
(J. Lyons & Co. Ltd.)
HOP EXCHANGE
SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1
HOP 0425

BOYS' and GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOLS

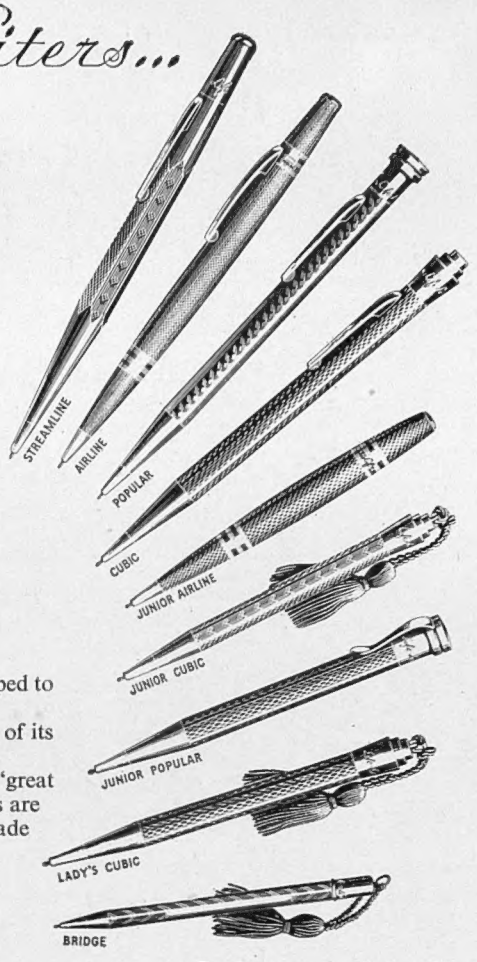
Common Entrance and G.C.E. examination successes. Children's Seaside Holidays without Parents.

THE BROOMBANK GROUP

SELSEY-ON-SEA
CHICHESTER, SUSSEX

Great Writers...

John Milton (1608-74) from a portrait by 19th Century artist William Holl.



England's great epic poet, Milton, helped to build our heritage of great writers. His 'Paradise Lost' is the finest poem of its kind in any language. Instrumental, today, in building a new heritage of "great writers", Life-Long Propelling Pencils are fine quality products of precision-made elegance—and carry the well-known life-long guarantee.

Life-Long

PROPELLING PENCILS BCM/LIFELONG, LONDON W.C.1.

In 9 ct. or rolled gold, sterling or nickel silver, from leading Jewellers and Stationers.

From 17/3 to £10.1.3.

merry
THERMOS BRAND
and a
happy
NEW YEAR

People with a gift of understanding, give THERMOS Brand Vacuum flasks, jugs and jars . . . the gifts that are appreciated long after Christmas has passed. Choose from the wonderfully varied range and solve all your Christmas problems. Start listing now!

Give the Thermos Brand Vacuum Jug 29
For your table, desk or sideboard, the '29' holds ⅝ pint. The solid brass casing, heavily chromium plated, will give everlasting wear. Adjustable leak-proof stopper. Price £4 13s. 8d. Also larger size Jug '29Q' (1¾ pints). £5 9s. 10d.

Give the Thermos Brand Vacuum Bowl 925
Beautifully designed bowl with heavy brass casing and chromium plated with moulded fittings in Red, Black or Cream. Each bowl fitted with polythene mesh protective insert. Holds 3 pints. Price: £6 9s. 3d.

Make sure it's THERMOS BRAND for Christmas

Over 40 models to choose from

The word "THERMOS" is a registered trade mark

INTERNATIONAL

of Schaffhausen

Timekeeper to the world

... for those who want the best

recommended for their magnificent reliability and performance, as well as for their elegance. Sold and serviced by leading jewellers all over the world.

Ref. 600 AD DE LUXE 18 ct. gold, AUTOMATIC, 21 jewels, waterresistant, shock-protected and non-magnetic, dial solid gold 18 ct. with raised gold figures and gold hands. £161.5.0 (Same model available without calendar, Ref. 600A)

Illustrated price lists are available from the sole Importers in the U.K.
ANDREW & COMPANY
102 Hatton Garden, London E. C. 1, Telephone HOLborn 0165

International Watch Co.

SCHAFFHAUSEN / SWITZERLAND

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 5s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

YOU can bring joy . . .

. . . to the 3,000 children in the 40 branches of the National Children's Home. The Home, nation wide but not nationalised, depends on voluntary contributions from people like you. Please give generously.

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME

Send your contributions NOW to
The Principal,
The Rev. John Waterhouse, O.B.E.
Highbury Park,
London, N.5.

WORLD WITHOUT SHADOW

The shadow of insecurity and dependence need not darken the lives of the war-blinded Servicemen and women. Confidence returns with the skilful training given by St. Dunstan's which enables them to turn their talents to good account in a variety of trades and professions.

PLEASE REMEMBER ST. DUNSTAN'S IN YOUR WILL

All information from
THE LORD FRASER OF LONSDALE
(Chairman)

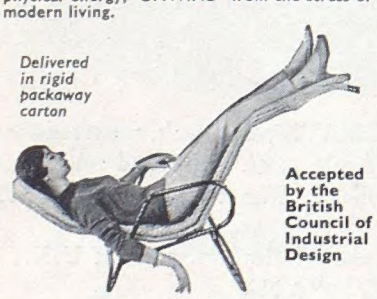
ST DUNSTAN'S

1 South Audley Street, London, W.1
(Registered in accordance with the National Assistance Act, 1948)

Here's something NEW in GIFTS

The RELAXATOR—The wonderful unique design of this **"Seat of the Century"** is the perfect answer to induce quick, complete relaxation, banish mental tension, restore physical energy, 'UNWIND' from the stress of modern living.

Delivered in rigid packaway carton



Accepted by the British Council of Industrial Design

To relax properly your head needs to be lower than your feet, the body suspended in a special curve. This is just one relaxing position you can get with this life long investment for leisure. Elegant, light and portable.

Write for Free Folder to:

LODGE OF LONDON
(S) TRADING ESTATE, WEST MOLESEY, SURREY

GIFTS with a difference

SOPHOS

CRESTED CUFFLINKS AND TANKARDS

Make sure of the personal touch with those special gifts. His School, Club or Regimental Crest and Colours are reproduced exactly in coloured enamels. More than 1500 designs are available. Any other design handpainted to special order.

**CUFFLINKS*
Heavily Gold Cased in Handsome presentation case.

**TANKARDS*
Genuine English Pewter Tankards.
½ pint 47/6 1 pint 59/6

At all leading Men's Shops and Selected Jewellers.
'SOPHOS' PRODUCTS BY LAMBOURNES (B'HAM) LTD

Ebb-tide at the head of the Dornoch Firth, seen from the mud-flats, with the Struie Hills in the background.

THE WILDFOWLERS

(*Continued from page 54*)

eventually, MacGregor's clothing exhibited during Jock's trial at Inverness. The cabin, drenched in blood, presented its own story. Clothing, guns, fishing-tackle, sails, oars, paint-pots, brushes, and the rest were strewn about in indescribable confusion, indicative of a life-and-death struggle. MacGregor's jacket and waistcoat told a similar story.

The police investigators searched long for Jock's big skinning-knife. Jock had buried it below high-water mark. It was found eventually on the shingle, the wash of the tide having left it exposed at the ebb. When not in use, this well-known instrument of his—long, thin, and razor-sharp—rested between a couple of beckets just above the stove in his cabin. All too handy, as it now proved, in the circumstances in which he wielded it for the last time.

Jock, to his dying day, swore he had no recollection of any stabbing affray. All he could recall was MacGregor's leaving the boat-house with his garments saturated in blood. However, one can well imagine what had occurred. Both men, returning to the boat-house much the worse o' the wear, tumbled in anyhow. MacGregor, perhaps bestirring himself in the small hours, began to wallop about the dark cabin in a torpid state, wakening Jock who, urged by fright and drink to mortal combat, seized his skinning-knife, imagining his sanctuary to have been invaded by someone bent on stealing his precious equipment.

Duly arraigned for trial at Inverness, he appeared before the late Lord Guthrie who, when Sheriff of Ross and Cromarty, had shared with him many a memorable day's wildfowling in his duck-punt. The charge of murder having been reduced to one of manslaughter, Jock was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. This he served at Perth Gaol, earning all the remissions for good behaviour. When released, he returned to his former haunts and pursuits. He died in his old boat-house on the foreshore at Edderton somewhere about 1926.

The Clock Tower in the Eastern Ross town of Tain—part of the building containing the Sheriff Court.

Printed in England by EDSON (PRINTERS) LTD., Hunters Lane, Leavesden, Watford, Herts., and Published by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.
NOVEMBER 9, 1962. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

By Appointment to
Her Majesty The Queen
Motor Car Manufacturers
The Austin Motor
Company Limited

Backed by BMC 12-month
warranty and BMC service

Austin brings you
Christmas greetings

What makes Embassy as good as a good cigar can be?

To make Embassy cigars, Wills expert buyers select the finest leaf from the Vuelta district of Cuba and the other great growing areas of the world. No better tobacco goes into any cigar. Wills blend the tobacco and roll it with the highest skill. But because Embassy cigars are rolled in Britain you make big savings. Embassy cigars are made in three sizes and are sold singly, in gift cases and in traditional cabinet boxes. Splendid for Christmas. See your tobacconist.

This cabinet of 25 Embassy President cigars costs only 72/11d

EMBASSY CIGARS *Rich in Havana Tobacco*

EC33